ALIENS

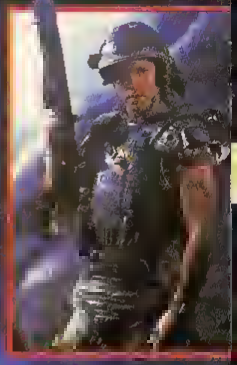
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Sigourney Weaver battles facehuggers and chestbursters!

Inside the ALIENS nest with James Cameron, director of TERMINATOR!

The film's spectacular story!



Nightmare war on a planet of ALIENS



Michael Biehn in savage combat with the ALIEN army!

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ALIENS

Official Movie Magazine

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Creative Director
W R. MOHALLEY

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MISSION REPORT

Desolate. Black. Silent. Boundless.

This is deep space.

A scorched speck of technology called *Narcissus* drifts silently through the void on a nonstop course to nowhere. A monstrous shadow engulfs it. Beams of light flash on from above, crisscrossing the hull.

Warrant Officer Ellen Ripley (Sigourney Weaver) and a cat named Jones, last surviving members of the commercial starship *Nostromo* have been found . . .

Ripley and Jones have been taking a little nap in the escape shuttle since they destroyed *Nostromo*—and the seemingly indestructible alien on it that had terrorized them.

She wakes up in the medical section of Gateway Station, a space station orbiting Earth. Jones is curled peacefully in her lap. Ripley has a visitor. His name is Carter Burke (Paul Reiser), and he reeks of the Company. She asks him what no one else will tell her.

"How long was I out there?"

"Well, maybe you shouldn't worry about that just yet," he says politely. Ripley grabs his arm and glares at him.

"How *long*?" she demands.

Fifty-seven years.

Ripley chokes, her eyes bulging in disbelief . . . and terror. Burke offers her a glass of water. Ripley slaps it away. It shatters against the wall. Her body jerks spasmodically. The cat shrieks and leaps off the bed. Ripley grabs her chest and convulses.

"Code Blue! Code Blue!" yells a nurse.

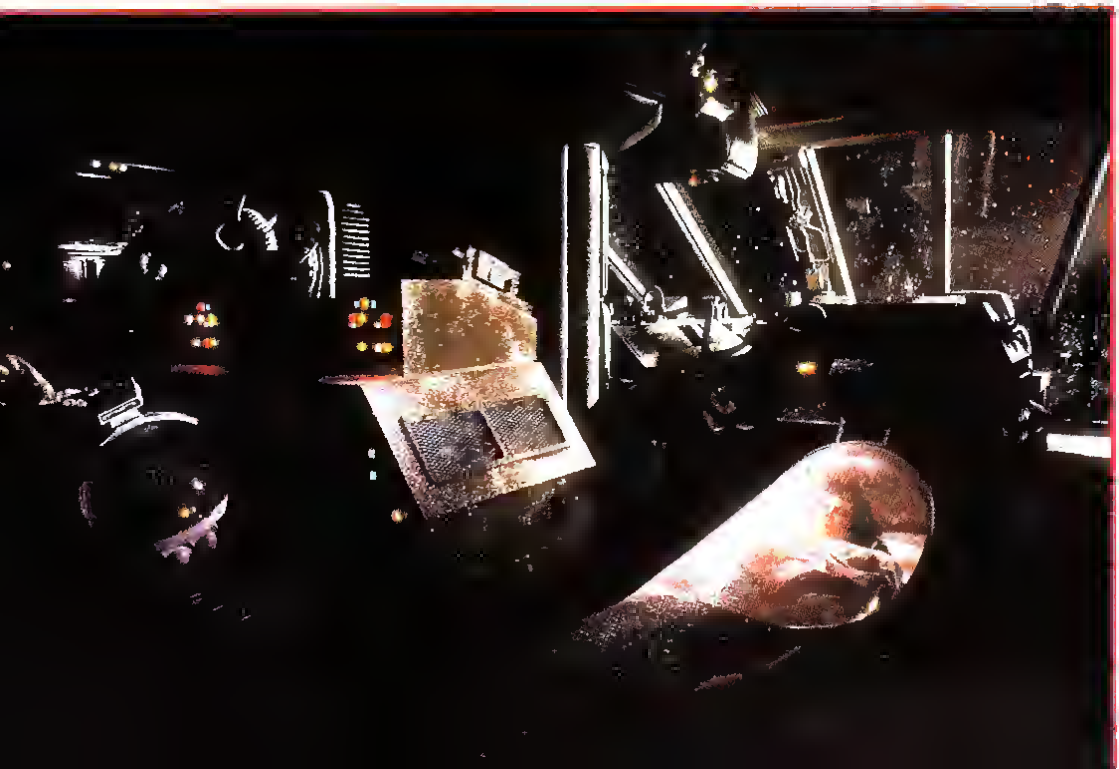
Burke and the nurse grab Ripley's shoulders and try to pin her thrashing body against the bed. The cat hisses. Ripley arches her back in sheer agony.

"Noooooo!" she screams.

Blood explodes out of her chest. She thrashes wildly, her mouth wide in a silent scream. The sheets rip, blood spewing everywhere. Her gut tears open. Burke and the nurse jump back as a vile creature pops out of her entrails and screeches with horrific glee.

Ripley snaps up and grabs her chest . . .

. . . and gets a handful of clean, white fabric. There is no disgusting monster dancing in her blood. She's safe. She's in a darkened hospital room. It's all over. It has been over



for 57 years.

Shuddering, and bathed in sweat, she begins to sob.

A video monitor beside the bed flashes on. It's the caring, pale face of an orderly. "Do you want something to help you sleep?"

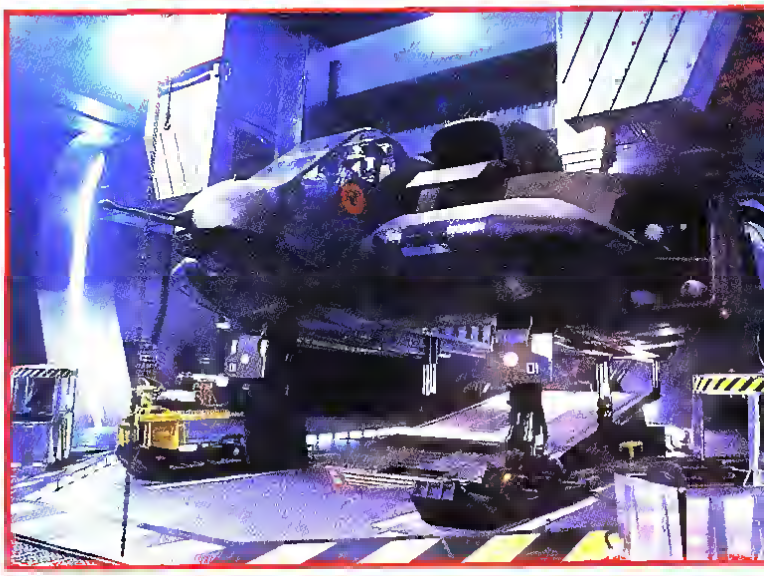
"No," she says, gathering her composure. "I've slept long enough."

The next morning she meets Burke again, and realizes her nightmare is only just beginning. Much has changed during her 57-year-long nap. The 11-year-old daughter she had left behind died at the ripe old age of 66. And the Company she worked for, the Company she almost died for, the Company she gave up 57 years of her life for, is taking her to court for the destruction of a $42 million star freighter.

Within a few hours, she is before a tribunal of Company and government officials. They don't buy her story about answering a distress call on a barren, uncharted planet. They have a hard time believing there was a derelict ship full of eggs, that a little creature burst out of one, grabbed a crew member's face and incubated in his gut. And they can't swallow the nonsense about the critter bursting out of his stomach and growing into an unstoppable monster with acid for blood that killed the entire crew—except her.







Opposite: Alone and drifting in space, Ellen Ripley (Sigourney Weaver) is discovered. She is the last human survivor of the *Nostromo*, the commercial spaceship lost some 57 years before.

Company representative Burke (Paul Reiser) questions her story of a destructive alien which destroyed all but Ripley and a plucky cat named Jones. It *can't* be true.

But some part of the tale may be accurate—and Ripley is recruited for a fact-finding mission. She will accompany a band of Colonial Marines back to Acheron.

It is the planet where the alien was first discovered by *Nostromo*, a planet slowly being colonized for the last 57 years. And the Marines, with their drop-ships and Smart-bombs, go heavily armed.

Besides, they tell her, that uncharted planet—LV426—is now known as Acheron, home to several hundred Company surveyors and scientists who have been working there for 20 years to make it habitable for colonization. And they haven't stumbled onto a derelict ship full of alien eggs.

Yet. Ripley knows they will. And when they do, "if those things get back here, *that* will be all. Then, you can just kiss it goodbye, just kiss it goodbye."

Yeah, sure, they say, and write Ripley off as a psycho case, revoking her commercial flight license, and tossing her into mainstream life to fend for herself. She gets a job using a Powerloader, a giant futuristic fork-lift with hydraulic arms and legs, to stow cargo on star freighters. It's a miserable life.

But... Pretty soon nobody on Earth hears a peep from the hundreds of scientists and surveyors on Acheron. Not a peep.

The guys at the Company look up old Warrant Officer Ripley and see if she would like an all-expense paid vacation. Back to Acheron.

No way, she tells them.

The Company man, Burke, stays cool. "It may just be a down transmitter. But if it's not, I want you there as an advisor." His buddy, Lt. Gorman (William Hope), guarantees her safety.

Yeah, sure, she says.

"If you go," he insists, "it's a second chance, kiddo."

She prefers living. And closes the door in his face. But the nightmares keep coming back and soon she realizes the only way to ever be free is to face her fear and beat it.

She calls Burke.

"Tell me just *one* thing. That you're going out there to kill them. Not study. Not bring back. Just burn them out, clean, forever."

"That's the plan," he says, "you have my word."

She takes a slow, deep breath. "All right. I'm in."



Ripley is faced with dread fears, haunted by nightmares that find her clutching her chest, half behaving that in a gut-wrenching spasm, an alien will emerge.

And Ripley feels like an outsider. The Colonial Marines are a tough, macho group, bound together by combat experiences and a youth Ripley once had 57 years ago.

Awakened from hypersleep when in orbit around Acheron, Ripley and the Marines take a drop ship to the surface. Once on the planet, an Armed Personnel Carrier provides military transport.

They find the Acheron colony desolate, deserted. There are abandoned vehicles, ravaged buildings, overturned furniture, half-eaten food. Signs of life but not of death. No bodies.



Three weeks later, the clear canopies rise on a row of sterile, stainless steel hypersleep chambers aboard the military transport ship *Sulaco*. Ripley sits up slowly, rubbing the sleep out of her body. Beside her, Gorman and Burke rise from hypersleep chambers along with 11 troopers. Helping everyone like a valet is Executive Officer Bishop (Lance Henriksen), who has been flying the ship while they've been asleep.

Private Spunkmeyer (Daniel Kash) groans as he rises from his chamber. Private Drake (Mark Rolston), a gunner, is also young but makes up for it by being meaner and tougher than guys twice his age. "They ain't paying us enough for this," he says. Corporal Hicks (Michael Biehn), who has been doing this longer than both of them combined, snorts good-naturedly.

Ripley eyes them all warily as she shuffles to a bank of lockers. Private Hudson (William Paxton), a communications officer, dashes across the floor on his toes. "This floor is *freezing*," he whines.

Master Sergeant Apone (Al Matthews), the unit leader, climbs out of his chamber. "Christ, I never saw such a bunch of old women. You want me to fetch your slippers, Hudson?"

"Would you, sir?" Hudson asks.

Private Vasquez (Jenette Goldstein), a sneering, muscular woman who seems perfectly suited for her job as a gunner, eyes Ripley with undisguised coldness and heads for a locker.

Ripley feels like an absolute outsider. She may as well be out drifting in *Narcissus* again. She doesn't belong with these soldiers.

They all gather in the mess hall, where they are served coffee and scrambled eggs by an autochef machine. The soldiers are in tattered fatigues and joking about their mission. "There's some juicy colonists' daughters we gotta









rescue from virginity," jokes Apone.

Hudson eggs Bishop on. "Do the knife trick," he urges. Bishop takes a knife, stabbing it between his fingers with inhuman speed.

Across the room, Gorman sits with Ripley, who just pokes at her food. Bishop joins them, quietly sucking on one finger. White blood trickles from a small nick. Ripley sees the wound, immediately gets up and moves to the far side of the table. Bishop looks wounded and sets down a tray of cornbread.

"I'm sorry you feel that way about Synthetics," he says.

Ripley whirls around and looks accusingly at the Company man, Burke. "You never said anything about an android being here!"

Burke shrugs. It's policy to have an android on board.

Bishop nods. "I prefer the term artificial person myself. Is there a problem?"

A big problem. The last android Ripley flew with tried to kill her.

"The A/2's were always a bit twitchy," says Bishop the android. "That could never happen now with our behavioral inhibitors. Impossible for me to harm or, by omission of action, allow to be harmed a human being." He smiles at Ripley and holds out the tray to her. "More cornbread?"

Ripley smacks the tray from his hands and it goes flying across the room. "Just stay away. You got that?"

Everybody got that. At the next table, Private Frost (Ricco Ross) turns back to his food. "She don't like the cornbread either."

Later, the troops are gathered together and Gorman and Ripley tell them what they're going to be facing. Vasquez listens and says, "I only need to know one thing."

"Yes," Ripley replies.

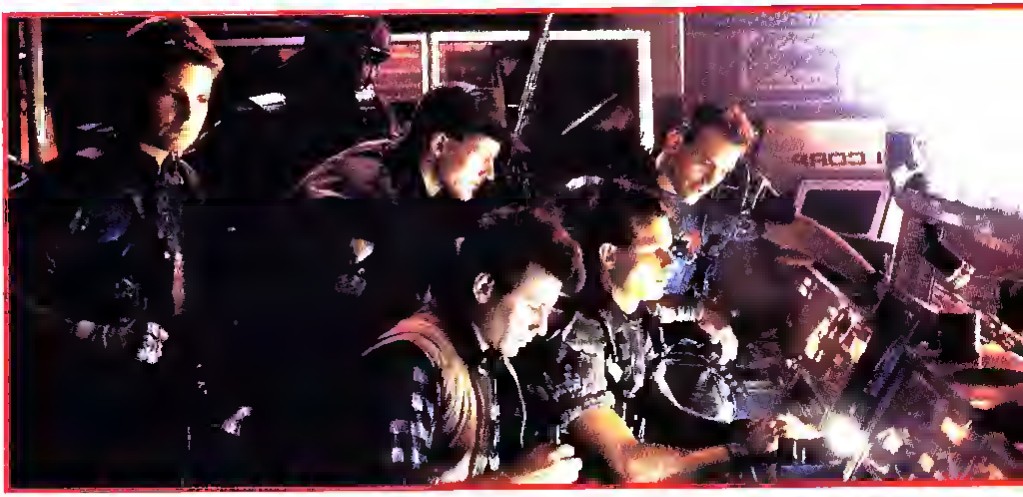
"Where they are," Vasquez points her finger, cocks her thumb, and blows away an imaginary alien.

The *Sulaco* closes in on LV-426. The planet looks serene, belying the danger that thrives under the pearlescent clouds. All radio channels on the planet are dead.

In the *Sulaco*'s massive loading bay, Spunkmeyer is in a Power-loader putting a smart bomb into the weapons pod of one of two drop-ships, a heavily-armed orbit-to-surface trooper carrier. Hicks checks off items on a manifest. Drake and Vasquez are field-stripping Smart-guns with precise, practiced movements. The weapons, video-targeted and computer-aimed, look like minicams. The troops strap on their battle armor.

Soon everyone, including Ripley, files into the APC which Bishop drives into the belly of the drop-ship.





They take seats facing each other across a narrow aisle. The doors shut. A klaxon sounds. Ripley shifts nervously in her seat. She's going back to hell. And somehow a thousand starships and a million troops wouldn't seem like enough protection.

The drop-ship lowers from the *Sulaco* cargo hold. Hydraulics whine. Gears churn. The ship shakes. It dangles over the planet.

One. Two. Three. Mark!

Apone, stalking the aisle, grabs a handhold. Ripley closes her eyes. There's no turning back now.

The latches holding the drop-ship snap free. The vehicle falls into space and screams down towards the planet. It's not a smooth ride. The ship rocks and bucks as it plummets through space and smacks into the planet's atmosphere. The ship crashes through a low cloud layer and slices through a twilight haze towards the distant landing beacons of the Company colony.

They find only *one* survivor, a frightened child hidden in a nest of scavenged toys, stuffed animals, wadded-up blankets and empty food packets. Her name is Newt (Carrie Henn)

The Marines step further into the complex, encountering evidence everywhere of some nightmarish war. Homing transmitters indicate all the colonists are together, for some reason, in one place

It is *not* a good reason. They have been entombed alive in a labyrinthine cocoon, all the better to incubate the baby aliens slowly moving inside them.

From video screens and via computer consoles, the progress of the Marines exploring through the eerie Atmosphere Processing Station is tracked—as the terrors mount

Stumbling as the ship pitches, Ripley makes her way forward to the operations bay, a control console lined with screens—two for every soldier. She and Burke watch Gorman as he plays the board like a video director, monitoring the life-sign readings and the visuals projected from each soldier's helmet.

On one screen, Ripley can see the colony looming in the low visibility like the twisted wrecks of freighters on the ocean floor.

The drop-ship extends its hydraulic landing gear and sets down on the wet, wind-whipped tarmac. A ramp yawns open and the APC charges out. The drop-ship abruptly lifts off in a cloud of spray and smoke. The APC screeches to the side of the complex, the crew door flies open, and the troops hit the ground running. Inside the complex, they find huge blast holes in the walls, overturned furniture, half-





eaten food, and no bodies.

Ripley watches it all, safe inside the APC, through the screen displays fed in from the soldiers' helmet cameras. She grabs Gorman. "Tell Hicks to back up and pan left." He does. And Hicks' screen fills with a wall that looks as if it has been melted.

By acid.

A different screen in the APC shows a trooper standing beneath a gaping hole. The acid has burned through three floors into the maintenance level, where pipes and conduits have been eaten away by the alien blood. Ripley hugs herself, imagining the horrors that ravaged the room. The horrors she knows all too well.

Apone's voice comes in over the speaker. "The place is dead, sir. Whatever happened, we missed it."

The APC rolls to the colony's main doors. The APC crew door opens and Gorman steps out, along with Burke, Bishop and Wierzbowski. (Trevor Steadman) and a very reluctant Ripley.

Ripley steps nervously with them through the fire-gutted offices. Hicks notices her fear and motions to Wierzbowski, who casually falls beside her, rifle ready. A two-man protective cordon. They turn into a corridor and Ripley freezes.

The acid-scarred remnants of hastily welded pipes, steel plates and door panels blocks the corridor. The pathetic barricade has been peeled back by some hideously powerful force.

Ripley and the others slip through the tear in the barricade and move cautiously into the devasted medical wing.

The walls are dented and scorched, equipment is smashed and furniture is scattered. And again, there are no bodies.

Ripley's eyes play over the devastation. And then stop. Cold. Her whole body turns into a rigid block of ice. She can't move. She can't even blink. "Look," she whispers.

The others turn, seeing what she sees.

Six transparent cylinders sit on a shelf. Inside, what looks like six severed, arthritic hands float in violet light.

Facehuggers.

Burke turns to Ripley. "Are these . . ."

She nods, mute. Burke, fascinated, leans closer to the cylinders, his face lit by the violet glow. They don't look so dangerous. Just some funky space-crabs.

The facehugger lunges!

Burke jumps back as the facehugger slams against the glass, its tubule whipping around frantically for a throat to spawn in.

"It likes you," Hicks smiles, seeing another facehugger flex with life. The other four facehuggers seem dead.

Bishop takes a file folder that rests on one of the live facehuggers' cylinders and reads it. "Removed surgically before embryo implantation. Subject: Marachuk, John L. Died during procedure." Bishop looks up. "They killed him getting it off."

Hicks stares at the cylinder. "Poor bastard." A loud beep from his motion tracker snaps his attention back. His face tightens. "Behind us."

Ripley looks back towards the futile barricade. "One of us?"

"Apone, where are your people?" Gorman barks into his headset. "Anyone in D-Block?"

Nope.

Drake swings his Smart-gun towards the barricade and follows the signal. The others follow. Reluctantly, Ripley hangs back. But not too far.

"It's moving," Hicks says.

They spill into the kitchen. The beeps on Frost's tracker become shrill. It's here, somewhere amidst the tangle of piping, somewhere in the darkness.

Crash! They whip around as debris tumbles down. Drake pivots smoothly to fire. Hicks slams his barrel into Drake's gun just as he squeezes the trigger.

A white hot stream of tracer fire

Then, all hell breaks loose. The Marines discover the aliens—and the nightmare war on planet Acheron begins.

Using flamethrowers, pulse-rifles, Smart-guns and other weaponry, the Marines battle fearsome alien warriors.

But the aliens are frightful. Their very blood is acid, so that even in destroying one, splashing blood can scar, burn, perhaps kill a human.

The tide turning against the Marines, Ripley takes the APC wheel, crashing the vehicle into the Station to rescue the survivors.

But the drop-ship has also been destroyed. Ripley and company are stranded on Acheron, almost weaponless. And the aliens are angry.











snaps the air like lightning and rips open the ceiling. Hicks moves past him, aims his flashlight under a row of steel cabinets, and motions to Ripley.

Cowering in the darkness is a dirty, frightened child clutching a plastic food packet and the head of a doll by its string hair.

It is Newt (Carrie Henn).

Ripley reaches out for her and the girl bolts into a ventilation duct. Ripley dives in after her. She scrambles after the child through a maze of pipes until Newt is cornered in a cul-de-sac of steel.

This is Newt's nest. Wadded-up blankets and pillows are crammed into the tiny corner, along with stuffed animals, dolls, comic books and empty food packets. Newt, like Ripley, is a survivor.

Ripley brings Newt back into the complex, taking her to the operations room. Gorman questions Newt but gets nothing. "Total brainlock," he says. "We're wasting our time." Gorman stomps out, leaving Ripley alone with Newt. She cleans off the child's dirty face.

Meanwhile, Burke and Hudson are in the colony's computer room. Each colonist has a transmitter device surgically implanted under their skin. If they're anywhere nearby, the computer will find them. Dead or alive.

Newt finally speaks to Ripley but the child is not eager to make friends.

From his console, Hudson cries out triumphantly. "Found 'em."

Gorman leans over the computer console. "Alive?"

"Unknown. But it looks like all of them." Hudson looks at the cluster of blue dots clumped tightly in one area of the screen. "Sub-level C, under the south tower. Looks like a goddamn town meeting."

In a town that doesn't encourage tourism.

"Let's go, girls," Apone says, grabbing his guns. "They ain't payin' us by the hour."

They climb into the APC and roar across the causeway which connects the colony to the Atmosphere Station a kilometer away. It is here that the inhospitable atmosphere of the planet is transformed into barely breathable air. The towering conical exhaust flickers with spectral light and rests on a tangle of giant pipes and conduits.

The troopers tumble out of the APC and into the labyrinth of steel mesh floors, catwalks and pipes.

In the APC, Ripley, Burke and Newt look over Gorman's

shoulder—and see what the troops see.

Whatever the hell it is.

Woven into the lattice of pipes and conduits is encrusted webbing, caked onto the plumbing so thickly the machinery can barely be discerned from the sinewy structure.

The troops move closer.

"Oh God," Ripley mumbles.

Stuck into the epoxy-goo nest are bits of furniture, wiring, scraps of steel, and fragments of human bones.

Newt steps back into the APC cargo hold. She has seen enough.

Steam swirls around the troops as they venture deeper into the alien mesh. It's hot, the vast chamber suffocatingly thick with dry heat.

Ripley glances at the station diagram. "They're right under the primary heat exchangers."

"Maybe the aliens like the heat," Burke muses.

But that's not the point. If the troops use their weapons in there, they'll rupture the cooling system. The fusion containment will shut down.

And a thermonuclear explosion will fry them all.

Gorman orders Apone to collect all the ammo.

The troopers look at each other in dismay. "What are we supposed to use?" Hudson complains. "Harsh language?"

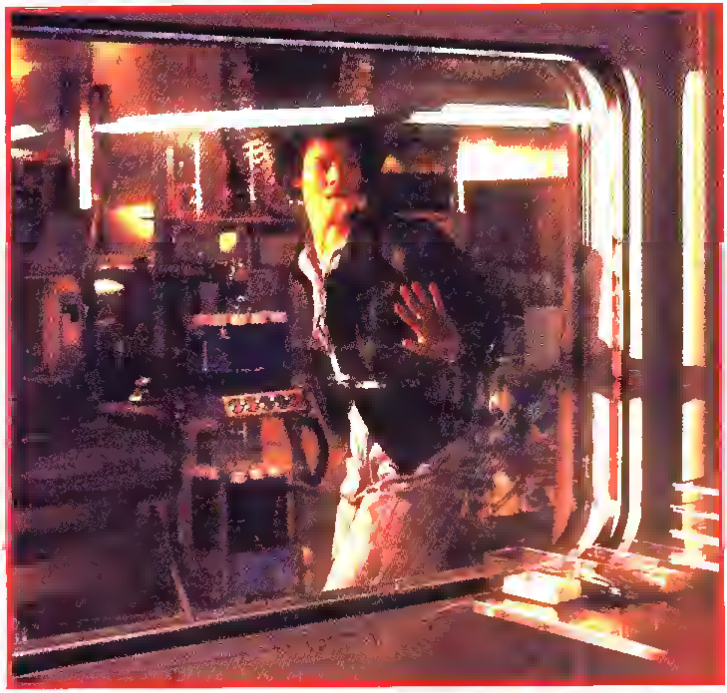
Flame units only. No heavy weaponry. Apone collects the ammo from everyone, but when his back is turned, Vasquez jams hidden ammo into her gun. Hicks, slipping into the shadows, opens a sheath on his belt harness and pulls out a 12-gauge, sawed-off shotgun.



Investigating inside the complex's med lab, the android Bishop (Lance Henriksen) speculates on the aliens' life cycle.

Ripley soothes the fears of the frightened Newt, promising the child that she will survive this horror.

In a world turned topsy-turvy, Ripley and Newt hide under the cot, then upturn it, trying to escape a lunging facehugger.







Trapped in the med lab, Ripley searches for a way out, setting off the fire alarm.

Drenched by the fire sprinklers, Ripley faces off a facehugger.

Vasquez (Jenette Goldstein) unleashes her fury at Burke, the Company man who has betrayed them.

After helping to save Ripley and Newt, Corporal Hicks (Michael Biehn) takes charge.

Bishop volunteers to risk a journey to the communications uplink tower—to bring a second dropship down by remote control.

They move on. Cocoons protrude from the niches and cracks between the pipes. Inside, the bodies of the colonists, twisted in frozen pictures of agony, nests for the vicious alien embryos. Many of the bodies are blown apart, decaying.

Dietrich (Cynthia Scott), the female medical officer, moves close to examine a pale, emaciated woman, her body whole. The woman's eyes suddenly snap open, startling Dietrich.

"Sir!" Dietrich cries out to Apone.

The half-dead woman's lips move feebly, her eyes pleading. "Please . . . God . . . *kill me*."

Ripley, safe in the APC, watches transfixed, through Dietrich's helmet camera.

The pale woman begins to convulse with a sawing shriek of mindless agony. Dietrich stumbles back, terrified.

"Flamethrower! Move!" Apone yells.

The woman's chest explodes in a splash of blood. A fanged monster bursts out, hissing. Apone fires. So do the others. An orgy of purging flame engulfs the cocoon.

A shrill shrieking echoes through the chamber. The troops whirl around as the smoke from the burning cocoon turns visibility to zero.

The beeps begin.

"Movement!" Hudson yells.

"Position?" Apone yells back.

"In front. And behind."

In the APC, Gorman madly adjusts the controls. The view screens show them nothing but smoke. "What's going on?"

Ripley knows. "Get your men out of there, Gorman."

Shapes begin to move in the blackness. Everywhere. Apone snaps down his visor. "Go to infrared. Now." Everyone does. Hudson stares at his read-out.

"Multiple signals. All around.







Closing," Hudson says. Dietrich turns to retreat, her flamethrower held tightly, and backs into eight feet of angry alien teeth. She screams and fires reflexively, the wild jet of flame blasting Trooper Frost and setting him afire. Their screams echo through the smoke-clogged chamber.

Vasquez rips off her headset, "Let's rock!" She and Drake fire into the smoke. Inhuman death screeches come from the impenetrable darkness.

In the APC, monitors go black. Trooper Frost Crowe (Tip Tipping). Dietrich. Wierzbowski. Gorman is ashen, confused. Ripley grabs him. "GET THEM OUT OF THERE!"

It's chaos inside the chamber.

"We're gonna die in here," Hudson says.

Apone screams in terror as he is attacked by one of the fearsome creatures.

Somehow, the risk of thermonuclear explosion seems a whole lot safer than using heat exchangers to battle these aliens.

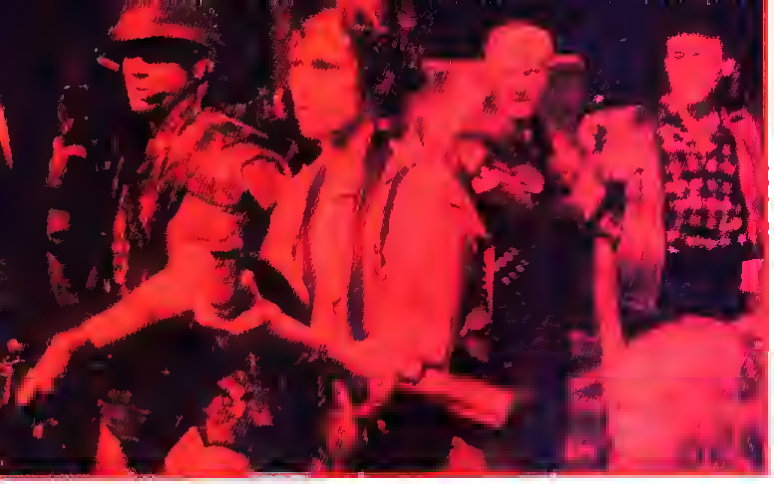
Vasquez is nearby, laying down a horrendous field of fire. Strobe bright flashes sear the darkness. One hellish creature after another is blasted apart by her gunfire.

Ripley shakes Gorman. "Do something!" No good. Gorman is frozen. She pushes past him, jumps into the driver's seat, and jams the thing into gear. That snaps Gorman out of it.

"Turn around! That's an order."

Screw orders. She presses the pedal to the floor. The APC charges into the labyrinth. Gorman, hysterical, claws at her. Burke pulls him off. The APC smashes through a wall of alien mesh, showering debris, its floodlights slicing through the haze.

Burke opens the crew door. Hicks, supporting a limping Hud-



son, appears out of the smoke. Drake and Vasquez back out of the dense mist, firing as they go.

Hicks pushes Hudson inside the APC, leaps in after him, and then drags Vasquez in, gear and all.

An alien lunges towards Drake. Vasquez fires one burst, blasting the alien apart. A deadly spray of yellow acid splashes on Drake, who screams as the white-hot stuff eats right through him.

In his death throes, Drake squeezes the trigger of his flamethrower, which shoots a jet of liquid fire that engulfs the APC.

Vasquez rolls aside as a stream of fire shoots through the crew door and ignites the interior. Hicks tries to pull the crew door closed and yells to Ripley. "Go!"

Ripley jams it into reverse and nails the throttle. The APC jerks backwards, jarring a storage rack free. Equipment tumbles onto Gorman, knocking him unconscious. Hicks struggles with the door, and nearly has it closed when an alien claw grabs it.

Newt screams.

Vasquez and Hudson join Hicks and struggle to close the door as the alien sticks its head into the APC. Hicks jams his shotgun into its mouth and pulls the trigger. The alien's head explodes, spewing acid blood. Hudson shrieks, the acid spraying his arm.

Hicks, Vasquez and Burke try to control the fire. A creature crashes through the windshield and grabs at Ripley. She jams into reverse, then powers forward, running over the creature. The APC bursts through a wall and into the night like a comet, trailing fire.

Ripley brings the APC to a stop half a kilometer from the Atmosphere Processing Station.

Gorman has been knocked out. The life signs of the missing troopers still register on the APC console, they're still alive—barely. Just enough to be a nice, warm nest for baby aliens.

Ripley has had enough of battling these monsters. "I say we take off and nuke the entire site from orbit."

Burke doesn't like that idea. "Let's not make snap judgments. Let's move cautiously. First, this physical installation has a substantial dollar value—"

"They can bill me," Ripley interrupts. "I got a tab running. What's second?"

"This is clearly an important species we're dealing with here," he says. "We can't just exterminate them."

Sure can. And why the hell are we arguing anyway?

"We had an agreement," Ripley says.

Too bad.

"Don't make me pull rank, Ripley," Burke says.

"What rank?" she says. "I believe Corporal Hicks has the authority here."

And Hicks wants to nuke the place.

"This is absurd!" Burke yells. "You don't have the authority to—"

Vasquez jams a round of ammo into her pulse-rifle and gives Burke a lethal look of disdain. End of discussion.

They abandon the acid-scarred, fire-gutted APC and wait for the drop-ship to come get them.

Ripley puts her arm around Newt. "We're going home, honey."

Not yet. The drop ship is about to land when an alien hidden inside the craft attacks the pilot, Corporal Ferro (Colette Hiller). The ship veers wildly, clips a rock formation, and tumbles end-over-end through the sky. Ripley and the others dive for cover as bits of molten debris smash into the APC, destroying it. The flaming drop-ship skips across the ground and crashes into the Atmosphere Station.

They watch as their hopes of getting off the planet, and most of their weapons, are reduced to flaming debris.



Later, in the colony operations room, Ripley and the others consider their options. They managed to salvage four pulse rifles, 200 rounds of ammunition, 15 grenades, and two flamethrowers that are less than half-full. The earliest they can expect to be rescued is in 17 days. If then.

The men start to panic. Ripley takes control. She orders them to get blueprints and schematics and start thinking of defense strategy. The plans reveal an access tunnel between the colony and the processing station, which is how the aliens moved back and forth between their nest and the humans they preyed upon.

Ripley has them put up welded barricades to keep out any aliens.

Hicks gives Ripley a bracelet-like electronic locating device so he can find her anywhere in the complex — just in case.

Ripley puts Newt to bed in the medical center, tucks her in, and turns on a portable space heater to keep her warm. "Don't go!" the child cries.

Ripley points to a video camera on the wall. "I'll be in the other room and I can see you on that camera." Then, Ripley promises Newt that she won't leave her behind. That doesn't make Newt feel any better, so Ripley gives the child the homing bracelet. Newt goes to sleep.

Gorman is asleep, too, in the medical lab. The android Bishop has dissected an alien facehugger. The facehuggers come from eggs. And the eggs have to be coming from somewhere.

Ripley glances at the two facehuggers flexing malevolently in their jars. "Be sure to destroy those as soon as possible."

Bishop can't. Burke ordered him not to. The Company man wants to take them back to Earth for further study.

But if just one of those facehuggers got free, if just one person got impregnated...

Ripley, enraged, hunts down Burke, who doesn't see the problem. "Those specimens are worth millions to the bio-weapons division. Now, if you're smart we can both come out of this heroes, set up for life."



The complex is plunged into darkness and the last battle with the unstoppable horde of aliens begins.

In the infrared light, the Marines begin firing. The cunning aliens have evaded the barricaded defenses and entered the complex via the ceiling and flooring ducts.

The creatures invade, arising from the floor to engulf Hudson (Bill Paxton). He disappears down into the darkness... and death.

There are laws against shipping dangerous organisms, Ripley says. Burke shrugs. The cops can't impound what they don't know about.

"But they *will* know about it," Ripley says. "From me. Just like they'll know how you were responsible for the deaths of 157 colonists here."

Ripley has checked the colony radio log. Burke sent colonists out to the ruins where *Nostromo* first encountered the aliens. Just check out the area, Burke instructed. He didn't even bother to warn them about what they might find.

He shrugs. "It was a bad call, that's all."

She snaps. She slams him



against the wall and grabs him by the collar. "They're going to nail you and I'll be there when they do."

Ripley steps back, shaking, and looks at him with utter loathing. The depths of human greed are far more horrific than any alien evil. She turns away and strides out, furious.

The intercom buzzes. "Bishop here. I'm afraid I have bad news."

Hudson groans. "That's a switch."

Bishop has them look out the window. A giant plume of steam licks the sky from the processing plant tower.

"How long until it blows?" Ripley asks.

"Four hours," Bishop says. "The blast radius will be about 30 kilometers, about equal to ten megatons."

Hicks sighs. "We got problems."

But there is *one* way out. To get the other drop-ship from the *Sulaco* and bring it down by remote control. The problem is the only working transmitter was destroyed with the APC.

The colony uplink tower, however, is still intact. Somebody has to go out there and jerry-rig something.

"Oh—right, right, with those things running around?" Hudson stammers. "No way."

"I'll go," Bishop volunteers quietly. He's the only one qualified to remote pilot the drop-ship anyway. "I would prefer not to. I may be a Synthetic, but I'm not stupid."

It's settled. Bishop will go.

Bishop gets what he needs, slips into a pipe, and starts crawling. Vasquez slides a metal plate over the opening and welds it shut. Human hopes rest on the android's actions.

Hicks assigns Hudson and Vasquez to walk the perimeter. They've got to stop any aliens that might sneak in. All the troopers know the aliens *will* get in. Especially Ripley, who convinces Hicks to teach her how to use a pulse-rifle equipped with a grenade launcher.

She'll need it.

Ripley takes her rifle, heads for the medical lab to check on Newt and runs into Burke and a groggy Gorman in the corridor. Gorman

Separated from the retreating Marines, Newt becomes the prey of a fearsome alien. Ripley can hear her scream.

Yet, Newt is not dead. She, too is entombed in the living cocoon, awaiting the deadly embrace of a facehugger.

First, Ripley must help the wounded Hicks to the surface for rescue by the second drop ship.



starts to apologize for blowing it but Ripley interrupts him.

"Forget it." She shoulders by him and into the medical section, passing through the lab and into the darkened O.R. where she left Newt. But Newt is gone.

On a hunch, Ripley squats and peers under a bed against the wall. She finds Newt, curled up and jammed into a corner. Ripley lays the rifle on the cot and crawls carefully underneath the bed. Careful not to wake Newt, she slips her arms around her and goes to sleep.

An hour later, Ripley wakes up with a start, as if yanked out of slumber by a shrill alarm.

But the O.R. is silent. Still, something bothers her. She disentangles herself from Newt and is about to crawl out from beneath the cot when she sees

... two jars across the room, their tops open. Two jars that once held facehuggers. Two jars that are *empty*.

Ripley's eyes dart frantically as she reaches out one trembling hand. "Newt, wake up."

Newt shifts groggily. "Huh?"

"Don't move," Ripley whispers. "We're in trouble."

Newt is now wide awake. Together, they listen in the darkness for the slightest movement. All they hear is the gentle hum of the space heater.

Ripley clutches the springs on the underside of the cot and begins to inch it away from the wall. The squeal of metal as the legs scrape across the floor is jarringly loud in the stillness. When the space is wide enough, she cautiously slides herself up between the wall and the bed and reaches for the rifle.

It's gone.

She snaps her head around. A scuttling noise. Suddenly, a dark





shape leaps at her. She ducks with a cry as the obscene monster hits the wall above her.

Ripley slams the bed against the wall, pinning the creature inches above her face. Its legs and tail writhe ferociously and it screams with a demented, piercing squeal.

In a frenzied scramble, she grabs Newt, rolls under the cot and flips it over, trapping the facehugger underneath. They back away, gasping. Ripley's eyes flash around the shadowed room where every corner or space could hide the other horror.

The facehugger beneath the cot scurries quickly under a bank of cabinets. Ripley hugs Newt close, heads towards the door, and hits the door opening panel. Dead. She pounds on the door. The acoustically dampened door panel thunks dully. Newt whimpers fearfully.

Ripley slides, her back against the wall, to the observation window. The lab on the other side is dark and empty.

Something scurries behind her. Ripley whirls around, and sees nothing.

"Hicks! Hicks!" Ripley screams, staring into the surveillance cameras.

On the console in the operations room, Burke shuts off the monitor and Ripley vanishes. At the next console, Hicks is talking via headset with Bishop and has no idea of the danger Ripley is in.

"Bishop is at the uplink tower," Hicks reports.

Burke smiles. "Excellent."

In the operating room, Ripley realizes her time is running out. She picks up a steel chair and slams it against the observation window.

It bounces off the impact-resilient glass.

She tries again, but it's futile. Ripley drops the chair.

She seems to hear the sound of tiny legs everywhere. She spins, raking the room with the narrow beam of light. Newt starts to cry.

Ripley looks at the ceiling and gets an idea. Set a fire. She grabs a lighter, a handful of papers, and climbs up on a surgical table in the center of the room.

"I'm scared," Newt mumbles.

"Me too," Ripley whispers, lighting the papers and holding them under a temperature sensor on the ceiling.

The sprinklers burst open, spraying the room with water. Alarms ring shrilly throughout the complex.

In operations, Hicks bolts for the door, yelling into his headset for Vasquez and Hudson to meet him in the medical section.

Ripley and Newt, meanwhile, are drenched and huddled in terror as the sprinklers rain in the darkness. The alarm blares down on them, making it impossible to hear the facehuggers.

The monsters could be anywhere.

Ripley scans the room. She looks into the surgical equipment level with her face and squints into the tangle of electrical cables. Something isn't—

A facehugger leaps at her.



Ripley screams, topples off the table and splashes onto the floor, tossing the chittering monster off of her. Newt shrieks and scrambles away. The facehugger slams into a cabinet, then bounces back at Ripley, who scrambles across the floor, pulling equipment down behind her. The facehugger is quicker, scuttling up her body.

She grabs at it, but it avoids her fumbling hands and goes straight for her head. Newt screams, backing away until she is pressed up against a desk in a corner of the room. Ripley raises both her hands, trying to force the wild monster from her face. The facehugger's legs wiggle frantically in the air as it whips its tail around her throat. Ripley thrashes, choking, unable to get a firm grip on the creature's wet skin.

Newt whirls as the other facehugger crawls up behind the desk. Thinking fast, Newt slams the desk against the wall, pinning the facehugger. She wails between gritted teeth at the desk wiggles and lurches against the facehugger's frantic writhing.

The room explodes with gunfire as Hicks fires into the observation window and leaps through it in a splash of glass and water. He hits the ground rolling and slides across the floor to Ripley. Hicks gets his fingers around the thrashing legs of the vicious facehugger and pulls. The facehugger tightens its tail around Ripley's neck and holds on.

Hudson leaps into the room, flings Newt away from the desk, and blasts the other facehugger, point-blank.

Gorman tumbles in next, scrambles to Ripley, and grabs the facehugger's writhing tail, unwinding it from her throat. All of them grip the struggling, shrieking creature and break its grip on Ripley's neck.

"The corner," Hicks yells to Hudson.

"Do it," Hudson screams back.

Hicks hurls the facehugger into the corner. It scrambles upright in an instant and leaps back towards them. Hudson fires, blowing it apart in mid-air.

"Burke," Ripley coughs. "It was Burke."

They catch Burke and drag him back to operations. "He wanted to bring back an alien, only he couldn't get it through quarantine," Ripley says. "But if we were impregnated, and then frozen for the trip back, nobody would know what we were carrying. Me and Newt."

"We would know," says Hicks.

"The only way it would work is if he sabotaged the freezers on the way back and jettisoned the bodies," she says. "He could make up any story he liked."

Hudson points his gun in Burke's face. "You're dogmeat, pal."

Burke tries to remain calm. "This is total paranoid delusion. It's pitiful."

Bishop has been successful. He has piloted the second drop-ship to the surface, allowing Hicks' evacuation. But Ripley heads back underground.

There, she finds the face of feer—the most frightening thing she has ever encountered, the Queen Alien, mother of the alien brood.





The lights suddenly go out. Hicks looks at the console. Everything is out. Doors. Video screen. Alarms. Everything. Ripley picks up her rifle and thumbs off the safety.

"Newt, stay close," she says. "Gorman, watch Burke."

Hudson and Vasquez pick up their scanners, squeeze through the door into the corridor, and then go in ditferent directions.

"Anything?" Ripley asks over their radios.

"Yep," Hudson says, panning around, heading back down the corridor. "It's *inside* the complex."

"Get back here, both of you," Ripley says into her headset. "Fall back to operations."

Hudson backtracks nervously, peering all around. "This signal is weird, there's movement all over the place."

"Get back here," orders Ripley.

Hudson runs to the operations door, getting there just as Vasquez does. They pull the door shut and lock it. Their scanners continue to beep.

"Twenty meters," Hudson says.

"Seal the door," Ripley tells Vasquez, who picks up a hand-welder and starts welding the door shut.

Hudson's scanner is beeping like a frantic heartbeat, louder. And closer.

"They must have found another way in, something we missed," Ripley says.

"We didn't miss anything," Hicks says.

Hudson stares at his scanner. "Nine meters," Hudson says, "eight."

"That can't be," Ripley looks from her scanner to Hudson and back to her scanner again. "That's inside the room."

"It's reading right."

Ripley adjusts her tuning and shakes her scanner, then stops, and slowly turns to look at Hudson, who meets her gaze. It dawns on both of them at the same time. They both raise their scanners up to the ceiling.

The beeps become shrill alarms.

Hicks climbs onto a file cabinet and raises a ceiling panel, shining his flashlight inside.

The crawlspace is a sickly, gut-wrenching, mass of squirming, moist aliens clawing their way forward. Hicks leaps off and fires at the ceiling which bursts, raining aliens.

Newt screams. Hudson and Vasquez opens fire. Ripley scoops up Newt and staggers back. Burke bolts for the only escape, into the corridor that leads to the med lab.

As Ripley rushes after him, an alien rushes after her. She is forced to use her pulse-rifle to blast it at point-blank range. The alien is hurled backward, screeching insanely. Then, she races, carrying Newt and her rifle, down the hall to the med lab, getting there just as Burke slides the door closed.

And locks it.

"Burke!" she screams. "Open the door!"

Hicks, meanwhile, fires his pulse-rifle at a leaping terror.

"Let's go! Let's go!" Hudson yells, firing blindly as aliens reach for him from everywhere. A claw bashes up through the floor panels and grabs Hudson by the ankle, dragging him down screaming. Hicks tries to save him by firing on the run, but another alien pulls him down and he disappears under the floor.

Hicks and Gorman back into the smoky, corridor and head for the med lab while Vasquez covers them.

"Locked," she says.

Hicks raises his welder torch and works on the lock. Dark, inhuman shapes move towards the corridor. Vasquez jams 30mm grenades in her grenade launcher. Vasquez fires twice, then rushes down the Corridor just as Hicks kicks open.

Ripley sprints across the room, trying the far door. Burke has locked that, too. Vasquez starts welding the other door shut.

Burke is nearly hyperventilating.



with terror as he dashes across the dark chamber to another door. As he reaches for the latch, it opens by itself. Burke can't even scream.

In the med lab, the door Vasquez has just welded begins to bulge as countless aliens ram against it. Newt grabs Ripley's hands as the door cracks from its frame.

Newt tugs Ripley across the room. "This way."

She leads Ripley to an air vent set low in the wall and expertly unlatches the grill, swinging it open. Newt starts inside but Ripley pulls her back.

"Stay behind me." Ripley crawls into the shaft. Newt scrambles in, then Hicks. Gorman and Vasquez follow. The shaft turns into a larger main duct where they have enough room to run in a low crouch.

Hicks yells into his headset. "Bishop, can you read me?"

"The ship is on its way," comes Bishops' static-riddled reply. "ETA about 16 minutes."

"Stand by," Hicks says, "we are on our way."

Vasquez bathes the tunnel behind them in pulse-rifle fire from her rear-guard position. Dark shapes appear behind and begin to close in.

Ripley follows Newt with Hicks and Gorman close behind her. Vasquez's pulse-rifle goes dry. She pulls out a handgun. The shaft above her cracks open and she rolls aside, firing upward into the leering monster. It lands on her.

She snaps her head to one side as its tail-stinger jams into the metal just beside her cheek. She fires again, emptying the gun and kicking the thrashing shape away.

Acid blood cuts into her armor around her thigh. She screams, gritting her teeth against the white-hot pain. Gorman hears her screams, orders Hicks on and runs back to help Vasquez. He crawls back to her, fires at the approaching aliens and drags her forward.

The aliens now have them completely blocked.

As Gorman pulls out a grenade and primes it, Vasquez clasps her hand over his, both of them acknowledging their imminent demise.

Ripley, Hicks and Newt are about to cross above an enormous ventilation turbine when the shock wave from the detonating grenade nearly bowls them over. Newt loses her grasp and tumbles into the turbine rotating slowly beneath them. Hicks reacts quickly and jams the mechanism with his rifle. Newt has tumbled into a narrow, angled chute which runs upward at a steep 45 degrees into a murky blackness. She holds onto the edge of the chute with her body suspended over the darkness.

Ripley leaps down and tries to grab Newt but connects only with the little girl's jacket. Newt slips out of the jacket and, with an echoing scream, slides down the chute, disappearing into the darkness.

Hicks looks down at Ripley, who tries to lunge after Newt, but can't fit through the narrow turbine partitions. "Newt!"

Hicks quickly removes the emergency locator from his belt and tells Ripley they can track Newt

Ripley manages to rescue Newt, enraging the Alien Queen, and just barely escaping in the elevator to the surface in time.

As a thermonuclear explosion grows closer, the drop-ship picks up Ripley and Newt and heads away to safety.

But the Alien Queen has stowed away—and she takes her vengeance, viciously attacking and ripping the android Bishop in half.





through the bracelet tracer that Ripley gave her. He pulls Ripley up, kicks out a ventilation screen and they rush down a stairwell in search of Newt. They follow the signal and rush down a corridor, screaming Newt's name. Ahead of them, they see Newt's tiny fingers protruding up through a metal grating in the floor. Through the slats, they can see Newt in a grotto-like chamber, shoulder deep in muddy water.

Newt looks up. "We'll cut through the grate," Ripley says, trying to assure her. The child steps back as Hicks whips out his hand-welder and starts cutting into the grating. Ripley urges Hicks to hurry as bleeps appear on her motion tracker and begin to close in.

Newt stands, waist deep in water, biting her lip and trembling. Silently, a glistening shape rises in one graceful motion from the water behind her, dwarfing her tiny form. Newt turns, screams, and is dragged under in an instant.

Ripley and Hicks smash through the grating, but find only rippling murky water. Hicks pulls Ripley away from the hole. She struggles to free herself from his grip.

"Noooooooooooo!" Ripley screams.

"She's gone," he shouts.

"No," Ripley shouts. "She's alive. They don't kill you—"

"Oh, right," he says, "but we've got to get moving." He drags her toward an elevator at the far end of the tunnel and pushing her inside. He hits the "up" button and the doors start to close.

But not fast enough.

An alien shoots between them before the doors slide open. Hicks fires point-blank at the alien. The monster screeches, flying backward and spewing acid blood that splashes through closing doors onto Hick's armor.

The elevator jolts to a halt and they rush out of the complex and into the gale-force winds that are ravaging the planet's surface. Ripley drags Hicks, who is doubled over in agony, out toward the drop-ship, which has landed nearby. Bishop helps carry Hicks to the drop-ship.

"How much time?" Ripley shouts over the wind.

"Twenty-six minutes!" Bishop yells.

"We're not leaving!" she shouts back.

"We're not?" Bishop asks incredulously as they stumble into the drop-ship and lift-off. She tells Bishop to head into the Processing Station, where the nuclear blast is brewing deep in its bowels—and where the aliens are entwined amidst the intestine-like piping.

Ripley tapes an assault rifle/grenade launcher to a flamethrower and creates a massive weapon. Hicks is sprawled in one of the flight seats, contorted in pain, dressing his own wounds.

"In 17 minutes, this place will be a cloud of vapor the size of Nebraska," Bishop announces.

That doesn't dissuade Ripley from going into the alien spawning ground and searching for Newt. The drop-ship lands on a narrow platform 10 stories above the ground. Ripley runs out and into a large freight elevator. The doors close and she goes down.

Straight into alien hell.

It hits bottom with a bump. She steps into air so hot it feels like walking through boiling oil. Dark smoke swirls around her. Her eyes dart, straining to penetrate the lethal gloom. The locator beeps. Newt is here.

Corpses twisted in grotesque shapes of agony, their guts blown open, adorn the corridors like macabre wallpaper. Ripley fires her flamethrower at every intersection, terrified that some horror is lurking around every corner.

The locator says Newt is real close. An explosion rocks the place, like an earthquake, jarring her almost off her feet. Then another. The whole station seems to shudder. A siren begins to wail with a demented rhythm.

And there is Newt. Entombed beside a cluster of eggs. Her eyelids flutter open just as an egg beside her head cracks. A face-hugger claws its way out. Newt screams.

Just as it tenses to leap, Ripley fires. An alien is illuminated in the burst and lunges for her. She drills it with two shots, and it's catapulted back.

She tears Newt free and lifts her onto her back. "Hold on tight."

Ripley runs back the way she came. Aliens are coming at them from everywhere. She rushes into a side corridor and enters a macabre room filled with eggs.

A piercing shriek fills the chamber. Ripley whirls around and sees the most terrifying thing she has ever laid eyes on.

Big Momma ... the Alien Queen.

She towers over them, her fanged head stretched in an evil grin. Her four arms are folded over a grotesquely swollen abdomen where countless eggs churn their way to her ovipositor where they emerge glistening and join the eggs already laid.

Ripley backs away from the Queen. She becomes aware of the alien warriors moving toward her from the chamber's dark shadows. Ripley fires the flame-thrower above the row of eggs and then lowers her arm toward the eggs themselves while staring fixedly at the Queen.

The warriors freeze—a nightmare tableau. At the Queen's directive, the warriors retreat into the shadows. Ripley backs up slowly across the chamber, shielding Newt until she reaches an exit tunnel. Then, as one of the eggs begins to hatch, Ripley unleashes an awesome spray of fire, igniting the field of eggs.

The Queen goes berserk, screeching and flailing. Ripley pumps the slide on her grenade launcher. She fires, pumps, fires again and again. The grenades punch deep into the Queen's egg sac and explode, ripping it open from within. Eggs pour out, littering the chamber floor. A warrior leaps at Ripley out of the inferno. She blasts it with a long burst from her pulse-rifle and pulls Newt out with her into the corridor. Then, she primes a grenade and throws it, along with her entire bandolier, into the chamber.

Dashing into the catacombs, carrying Newt, Ripley is hurled forward by the multiple explosions. Lashing out in a fury, the Alien Queen detaches from her egg sac and charges after the human prey.

The Queen is fast approaching as Ripley and Newt wait for the elevator. The elevator door opens and Ripley runs in, holding Newt while firing at the Queen as the elevator begins its ascent to the surface.

Ripley bursts through the doorway onto the platform. The ship is gone.

"Bishop!" she screams.

It is the ultimate betrayal. Newt sobs and flaming debris rains down from within the exploding processing station. The second elevator begins to open. Ripley backs away from the doors. Explosions rock the station, huge fireballs tearing out of the walls around them.

Apocalypse is at hand.

Ripley turns away from the elevator. "Close your eyes, Newt."

The elevator door opens and from the darkness, the enraged Queen emerges. Suddenly, the drop-ship rises up from nowhere, its hovering jets roaring. Ripley lifts Newt onto the ship's landing boom and leaps on herself just as

(continued on page 66)

Ripley has had enough. She must confront her wildest nightmares. She suits up in the Powerloader to face off the Queen Alien.

Teeth bared, eyes screaming, Ripley and the Queen Alien do battle. And only one can survive.



Personnel Information

SIGOURNEY WEAVER

Code Name: Ripley

In *ALIEN*, she fought a monster. In *Ghostbusters*, she was possessed by monsters. Now reprising her role as Ripley in *ALIENS*, Sigourney Weaver deals with the monsters outside her and the monstrous fears within her.

In the original film, Ripley—the last surviving crew member of the spaceship *Nostromo*—defeated the alien and entered her hypersleep capsule to sweet dreams. In *ALIENS*, she must awaken 57 years later to a nightmarish world where no one will believe her fantastic tale of an undestroyable biomechanoid monster, a monster that continues to terrorize the flight officer in her dreams.

But Ripley is a strong, determined woman. She agrees to accompany a Colonial Marine batallion to Acheron, the planet where the alien was first encountered—where she will once again face all of her internal and external fears.

Sigourney Weaver is also a strong, determined women, and an experienced leading actress. And Weaver agreed to return to her role as Ellen Ripley for this long-awaited sequel, she says, "because her emotional content is much greater in *ALIENS*." In the first film, Ripley did not emerge as a primary character until the movie's midpoint. However, *ALIENS* is all Ripley's—and Weaver's.

"Her situation in the beginning challenged me," Weaver says of Ripley. "I tried to imagine and comprehend something like that, coming back to a whole different world, and yet haunted by the other one. And Ripley's personal situation is so bleak. I know I'm playing the same character, but I feel she has changed, so utterly, by what happens to her early in *ALIENS*—she's not the earnest young ensign she was when she went into space the first time.

"It's a real joy to return to Ripley with a whole different set of conditions. She is still a very strong character. Originally, Ripley was written with a male in mind, but they changed it to a woman. It's not a bad idea," Weaver laughs, "to try to write women more like men, without sentimentalizing us."



The little girl Newt (Carrie Henn) is, according to Sigourney Weaver "a fellow creature who sheres the seme nightmere" es Ripley.





"In my private life, I really hate guns," Weaver says. But as Ripley, she learns to use the latest weapons, taught by Hicks (Michael Biehn)



"This is the first film where I've been surrounded by a large number of people who actually have less acting experience than I do," Weaver says



"I don't think Ripley has that fighting instinct that the Colonial Marines do," Weaver maintains

"For instance, in *ALIENS*, there are three female Marines. Vasquez is the toughest, quietest one. She's a complete person of action, and handles a 'smart-gun,' the heaviest gun they have. She's a great character.

"The whole cast has been great. Most of the actors are Americans brought over to work in Britain. Paul [*Beverly Hills Cop*] Reiser, who plays Burke, is a lovely guy; he has done a great deal of stand-up comedy, and I found him very funny.

"Also, there's a very special relationship between Ripley and Hicks, who is played by Michael [*Terminator*] Biehn—there's just a suggestion of an attraction, and a bond.

"Ripley is very different. The horrific experience she endured changed her into a really haunted person."

"Jim Cameron [*ALIENS* writer/director] clearly sets up everybody well, and then gives each one their moment—even the ones who die early. I think the audience will get a sense of who you're losing—and that's important because there are so many."

Although Weaver enjoyed her working camaraderie with the other actors on the set, Ripley—a civilian amongst hardened soldiers—found the going a bit tougher. "Ripley really feels like an alien in that group—no pun intended. She's from another time, a different background, and the Marines are very skeptical about what her contribution might be," the actress says. "That makes Ripley nervous, because they have no idea of what they're getting into. They believe

that they have this operation *totally* under control, no sweat."

It wasn't just the prominence of her role that attracted Weaver to *ALIENS*. "I talked to Gale [Anne Hurd, producer] and Jim a good deal about *why* they were doing a sequel. I mean, I didn't want to do *ALIENS* just to make money for 20th Century Fox," she laughs. "I wanted to make sure that the people making this movie had the same attitude toward it that I did.

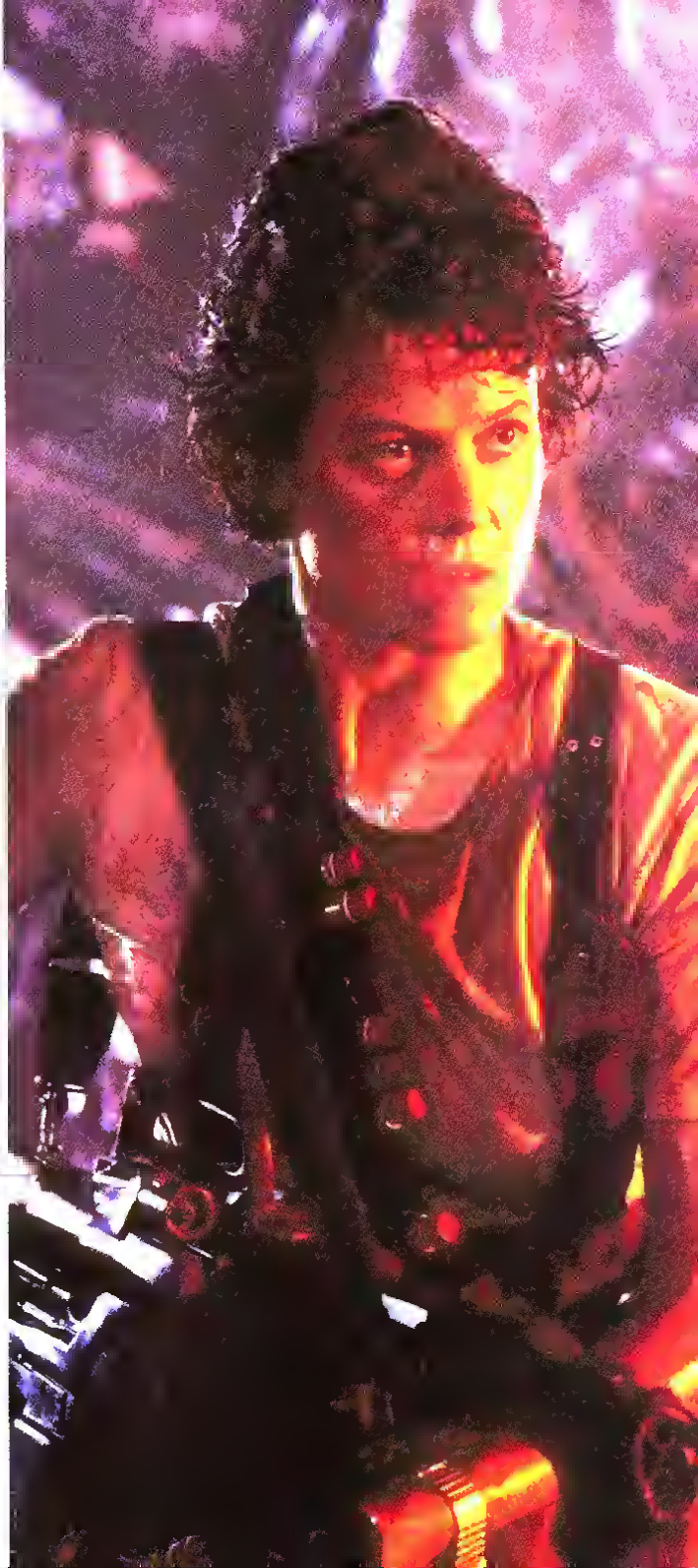
"I wanted to make a film that would stand on its own, and that would hold up for the people who hadn't seen the first one. I think we've done that."

Ever since the release of director Ridley Scott's *ALIEN* in 1979, a sequel has been discussed. But the Cameron version was the first approach that Weaver considered seriously. "Exec producers [Gordon Carroll, David Giler and Walter Hill] are friends of mine anyway, and we would get together over dinner and laugh about the sequel," she says. "One scenario was that they would open Ripley's little space-pod tomb—and she would dissolve into dust. No need for Sigourney!

"But when I read Jim Cameron's script, it was almost all Ripley. I was surprised that no one had talked to me about it before. I mean, we met in March—maybe April." With a September starting date, shooting would have been quite difficult if Weaver had turned down the role. "I think they could have handled it, but Jim wasn't willing to do the movie without me," she says.

"It has been very good working with the production team. Jim is incredibly open. I always felt that he trusted my instincts, and I felt that he had a very clear idea of who Ripley is. He has tried to incorporate whatever decisions I made about her situation and her mental and emotional attitude, in terms of changing scenes and how we played them. For the most part, it has gone very well."

Jim Cameron's previous film was *Terminator*, an SF action blockbuster. "I saw *Terminator* about an hour before I met Jim, so I was like



"The gun is loaded and as soon as I'm finished, I put it up," Weaver explains, noting her unease with arms.

this," Weaver laughs, bulging her eyes and looking frazzled. "I admired the film, but I didn't expect the amount of military spirit in *ALIENS*. There are all these troopers who believe in just their guns. To me, that seemed very naive—and I used that feeling for Ripley's character. I think she has a basic skepticism about the power of weapons against something as instinctively violent and destructive as the alien."

"There are so many ghosts in her life. And yet she agrees to face the horror once again."

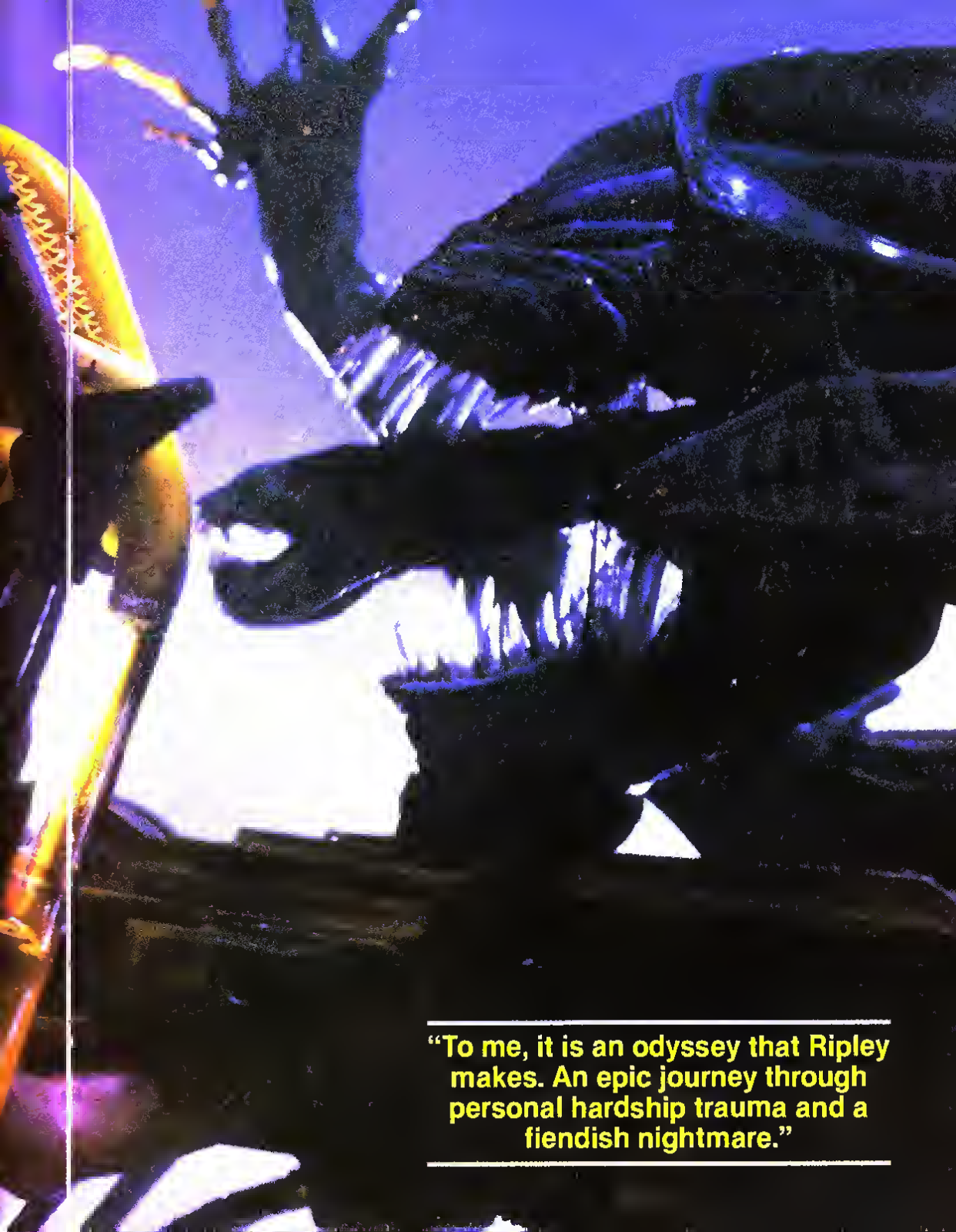
The movie's savage elements also disturb the actress. "My most uncomfortable moments in the film are when I have to shoot the huge gun. To me, it's more interesting to outwit the alien than to shoot it down," she says. "I don't care whether people think I'm tough. But I think it's much better for the audience to want us to destroy or vanquish the alien—it's like killing a dragon."

ALIENS has been a very physical film for Weaver. "I feel quite at home in this kind of action picture, oddly enough—because I guess I cut my teeth on it," she admits. "The only risky part for me was at Acton [England, the film's sole location—an unused power station], where I was running up and down the stairs with lit flamethrowers. You have to be terribly careful that when you reach for your gun, that you reach for the right button, so you don't accidentally flame somebody. The physical responsibility was huge.

"But I had a great time doing those scenes," Weaver says. "Paul Weston is probably the best stunt coordinator I've ever worked with. He can tell you exactly what he sees and how to make it better. I always felt completely secure with him.

"I was running around carrying these two awful, heavy, lit guns in one hand and Carrie [Henn, playing Newt, a seven-year-old girl] in the other. It was physically demanding! I had had a slight injury in the film's





"To me, it is an odyssey that Ripley makes. An epic journey through personal hardship trauma and a fiendish nightmare."



"At the film's end, Ripley is completely [illegible] her own and has to use what the Mar[illegible] taught her to survive," explains writer-director Jim Cameron. Her survival instincts lead her to do battle in a Powerloader.

beginning and had to work with a physiotherapist a good deal of the time. But despite the discomfort, I felt totally supported in the moves that Paul and Jim worked out. I also had a great stunt double. She was only in the film for a few explosions, but it was nice to know that she was always there, in case I thought, 'Uh-oh, it's too hairy.' "

"Ripley still feels responsible for what happened on the *Nostromo*."

But the rigors of filmmaking are nothing new to Weaver, who made her screen debut in *ALIEN* seven years ago. "I was so inexperienced that during the first week, Ridley [Scott, the prequel's director] had to tell me *not* to look into the camera," she remembers.

"Originally, Ridley and the producers came to New York with a list of people to see for roles in the film, and I was on the list. I really hadn't done any film work, and I wasn't sure that I wanted to do science fiction. I mean, I had such a classical training, that I thought I would get a nice supporting role in some sort of movie with so-called integrity," she laughs.

"Then, after I met them, they liked me. But I read the script, and was very critical of it. My casting person kept saying, 'Stupid! Don't you realize that this is your big break?' But I think it's better to be frank. You see how receptive people are, and see whether they are going to listen to you. I always prefer a company that can work together, and I found Ridley's version of Ripley very agreeable.

"I remember the first costume I tried on made me feel like Jackie Onassis in space—very fashiony. Then, Ridley threw this horrible thing at me that we found, a real astronaut's practice uniform—and that's the one I ended up wearing. He set up that world so specifically, not as a smooth, shiny, science-fiction world—but this dirty, gritty place. And he saw us as a group of misfits.

"You know, when I read the first *ALIEN* script, I hadn't seen any of the designs. For all I knew, the



"To me, *ALIENS* is a story of a woman who loses her whole life, and has to start all over again," Weaver observes.

"Both Ripley and I have changed as time has gone on," Weaver says, but the role's physicality hasn't.



creature was this big blob of yellow Jello running around. Then, I saw the drawings, and I said, 'Wooo!' It was this huge, erotic creature—a wonderful exploitation of everybody's darkest fears. That really made it for me. It was beautiful and frightening at the same time.

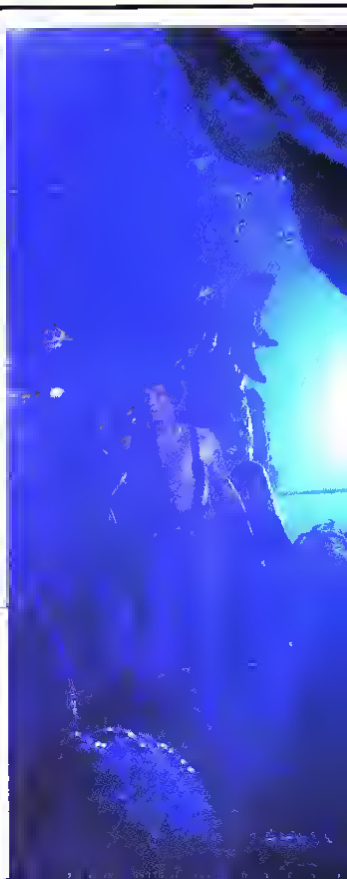
"I think that the majesty, the grace of *ALIEN* was unique, and holds up today. The film's beginning is so haunting—the audience comes into it slowly, and wakes up with the rest of the crew."

Despite her sudden success in *ALIEN*, Weaver came to the film with a good deal of acting experience. Born in 1949 in New York City, she attended Stanford University and Yale Drama School. Upon leaving Yale, she returned to New York and appeared in several off-Broadway productions and TV projects such as *Somerset* and *The Best of Families*.

After *ALIEN*, Weaver portrayed a television journalist with William (*Kiss of the Spider Woman*) Hurt in *Eyewitness*. She then worked with Mel (*Mad Max*) Gibson in *The Year of Living Dangerously* as an attache at the British Embassy in Indonesia in 1965.

After appearing with Chevy Chase in *Deal of the Century*, Weaver made her second mark in the fantasy genre. She wowed audiences as the innocent bystander

In the hideous labyrinth, Ripley discovers more alien eggs. The biggest nightmare of them all is just around the corner.



who becomes a possessed harpy—OK, she's a dog—in *Ghostbusters* with Bill Murray, Dan Aykroyd and Harold Ramis.

"My agency in New York suggested me, but [director/producer] Ivan Reitman thought, 'Well, I don't know. She's awfully serious,' " Weaver admits. "But for my audition, I went in and became possessed—jumping around on the couch, eating the pillows, and turning into a dog. I was so disappointed that I didn't get to turn into a dog in the movie."

With *ALIEN*, *Ghostbusters* and *ALIENS* under her belt, Weaver is becoming quite the old hand at science-fiction and fantasy roles. "Well, I love fantasy," she explains. "To a certain extent, most films are all special effects. However, Steven Spielberg said something to me once. He told me, 'I really liked *ALIEN*, because I know all about special effects. And when I watched that film, I forgot. The actors made it so real for me, that I stopped watching as a director.' If we do that for Steven Spielberg, then we've accomplished something."

Prior to her work on *ALIENS*, Weaver finished two other films. In *Half-Moon Street*, she plays a Harvard Ph.D doing "escort" work who becomes involved with an aristocratic international negotiator (Michael Caine). *One Woman Too Many*, a French comedy of mistaken identities, features Weaver and leading French star Gerard Depardieu.

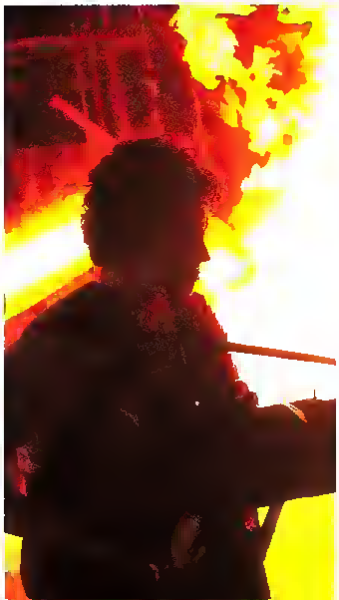
"Among the three films this year, I've had a real gamut of experience," she says. "I've never, at least in film, gotten so much work in one year, and all with such different demands on me. In the long term, I would like to have different responsibilities in film, maybe more writing, and things like that."

What about *ALIEN III*? "I don't think it will happen," she declares. "But then, I didn't think this one would be made, either. No one really wanted to touch it. Once a good film has been made by someone like Ridley Scott, I don't think you want to go back.

"Luckily, Jim Cameron really wanted to make his own film, and he did. But I would doubt another one. Maybe they can go ahead, but I don't know where you go after *ALIENS*."



"There is new life on Acheron in the form of the young girl who depends on Ripley to save her," Weaver explains.





Behind-the-scenes of *III*'s nightmare: Weaver gets some pointers about acting with aliens.

"I'm not a soldier and I don't want to be a soldier. This is Ripley."

Personnel Information

MICHAEL BIEHN

Code Name: Hicks



There's en ettrection between Ripley (Sigourney Weever) end Hicks (Micheel Biehn) "But we don't enjoy e love interest situeflon," Biehn seys. "There's just not time for thet in the movie Under different circumstences, there might heve been e love story between them."





.S. Colonial Marine Corps Corporal Dwayne Hicks. Slightly older than his company commando comrades. A "lifer" in the service. He has seen his share of combat time. His latest mission, a routine clean-up on Acheron, may be his last.

Actor Michael Biehn. Lean, tall, muscular on the surface. Street-smart, battle-worn, sensitive underneath. In his recent science-fiction film roles, the 29-year-old actor has embodied all these qualities. His latest role, Corporal Hicks in *ALIENS*, is not different.

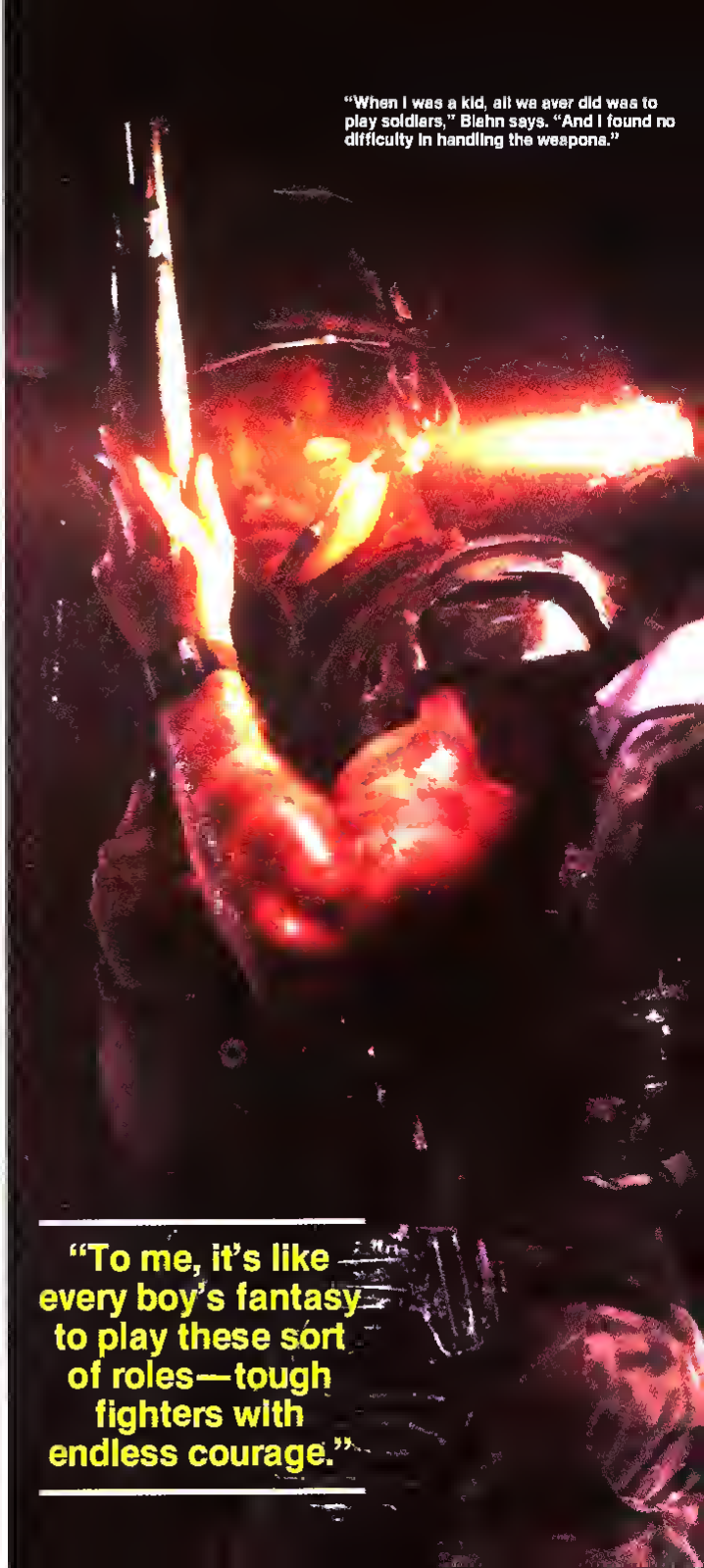
As Kyle Reese, the android-hunter in *Terminator*, he risked the hazards and agonies of experimental time travel, the disbelief and pursuit of the Los Angeles Police Department, and the love of the woman he had come to protect, to hunt down the unstopppable Terminator portrayed by Arnold Schwarzenegger.

Oddly enough, Biehn confesses a preference for the bad-guy roles. "Psychotics, racists, weirdos, and other nasty, nasty characters have been my bread and butter," he admits.

But the bad guy roles will have to wait. The latest stop on the young actor's career route is another courageous hero in *ALIENS*. Corporal Hicks is one of the Colonial Marines accompanying Ripley (Sigourney Weaver) back to the planet where her crew first discovered the shape-evolving monsters in *ALIEN*—a planet now colonized by humans.

"Hicks is just a steady hand. He's the calming effect on the group," Biehn says. "There are many different clashing personalities here, and Hicks is a guy who has been through it a few times. He has been in a few firefights and stomped a few bugs—what the Marines call aliens. He has seen a good deal, takes things very slowly, and is the one that you can always count on in a bad situation. He won't lose his head. He's the quintessential hero."

After his experiences in *Terminator*, Biehn was eager to appear in another film by director James Cameron. The actor had originally seen the script when it went out to agents in Los Angeles for casting



"When I was a kid, all we ever did was to play soldiers," Biehn says. "And I found no difficulty in handling the weapons."

"To me, it's like every boy's fantasy to play these sort of roles—tough fighters with endless courage."



With Ripley (Weaver) and Newt (Carrie Henn), Hicks finds himself in a nightmare, trapped into unending battles with feersome speca craatures





"The aliens turn out to ba a hell of a lot tougher then we expected and there's no fun finding yourself in a situation like that," Biehn expleins

purposes. "I read it a few months before shooting started, and they called up to offer the role very late in the game. I said, 'Absolutely, sure!' I got on a plane three days later, and was shooting a couple of days afterward."

Principal photography had already commenced when Biehn joined the cast.

"It was a good break for me," Biehn admits. "You can never anticipate what will happen next in this business. I've done a few movies in the past that haven't done well, so I'm not the kind of person who gets excited every time I make a movie. There are hits, and there are flops.

"But I was excited about *Terminator*, and I'm equally excited about *ALIENS*," Biehn says. "I think *ALIENS* will be one of the big pictures of 1986. I have every confidence in it.

"I was just floored by how good the script was," Biehn notes. "The people who liked *ALIEN* will like this picture because it just takes off from where *ALIEN* ended, and explains a good deal about the aliens.

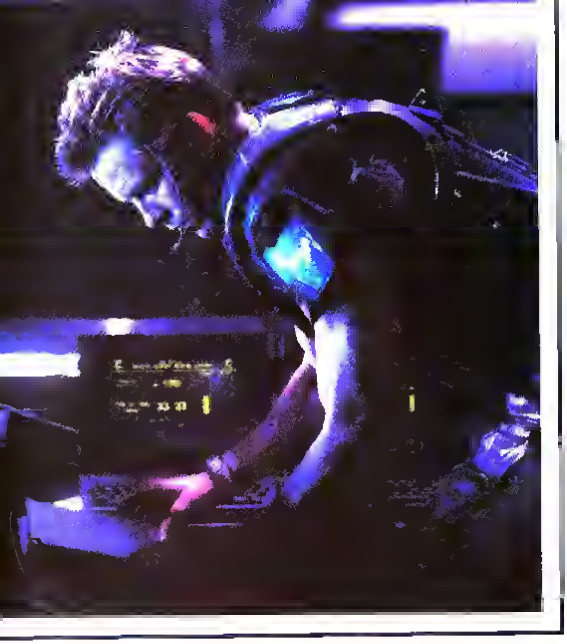
"It's a different kind of movie. *ALIEN* was a more scary, suspenseful picture. They were always looking for the alien. In *ALIENS*, we *find* them! Ours is a more action-filled picture. I think you'll find that the story holds up very well.

"Working with Jim Cameron has been very exciting, and I was glad to get a chance to help him out. The only negative thing was that Hicks and Reese from *Terminator* were rather similar. But when Jim and I got together, we talked and decided how we could make them different. Reese was this grungy sort of guy from the future, where Hicks is a more likable guy next door."

The actor observes that director Cameron's own enthusiasm and tireless work inspires a similar attitude and effort from his cast and crew. "Jim has an incredible filmmaking drive," Biehn says. "For instance, after we had finished the principal photography on *Terminator* and Jim had finished up his directorial work, I went into the production office in Hollywood to see some of the early trailers that had been cut.

"Jim was sitting in the office, frantically writing out notes on a big pad. I asked, 'Jim, what are you doing?' He told me he was trying to finish up this treatment of *ALIENS*. This was just *one day* after we had wrapped *Terminator*.

"You know, after a grueling three-month schedule of 16-hour days



Hicks "understands Ripley and the inner turmoil she suffers when she returns to face her own personal nightmare," Biehn says. Hicks is the "calm" Marine while Hudson (Bill Paxton) is sort of the group hysteric



most directors take a week off in Bermuda and rest on their laurels after wrapping a film. But not Jim—he was absolutely consumed with his next project."

After a drama scholarship at the University of Arizona, Biehn began his professional acting career upon moving to Los Angeles in 1977. His first screen role was two lines in the TV pilot for the *Logan's Run* series. He later appeared in episodes of *Operation Runaway*, *James at 15*, *Police Story* and *Family*, and co-starred in TV movies *Fire in the Sky* and *Zuma Beach*. Other film roles include *Hog Wild* and *Coach*.

"The only two heroic roles I've ever played have been in Jim Cameron movies," Biehn states. "I did *The Fan*, with Lauren Bacall, where I played this psychotic young guy. It wasn't a very good movie. Then, I did *The Lords of Discipline*, where I played this terrible, racist cadet at a military school. And I did a four-hour TV movie called *Deadly Intentions*, where I played a schizophrenic doctor who was emotionally abusing his wife.

"I find that kind of character absolutely fascinating. But I've been lucky that Jim has cast me in some heroic roles. It's funny, because even after *Terminator*, I would go up for good-guy roles, and they would all say 'Well, no—Michael is much too intense, too this, too that' because they had seen me play all of these crazies. And after *Terminator*, I did three episodes of *Hill Street Blues*—yep, another nasty, nasty character. Real scum of the Earth."

With all these ugly characters waiting to be portrayed, Biehn's career as a science-fiction hero may be an intermittent one. "I've never been that big of a science-fiction buff myself," he admits. "Actually, I like all sorts of roles. But if I had my preference for the next one, it wouldn't be as physically grueling. All this action in *ALIENS* has been very physical, and the film has been very difficult to make. I'm looking for something a bit lighter, or maybe another bad guy.

"It would be nice if I could go back and forth playing bad guys and good guys. Of course, my agent wants me to play only good guys from here on in, but that'll *never* happen," he laughs. But don't be too sure. After his tight-lipped, firm-jawed portrayal of Corporal Hicks, the good, steady foot soldier, Michael Biehn could be pegged as a good guy for some time to come.

Injured in his sevege encounters with aliens, Hicks rests. He'll live. He's a survivor.



"Hicks has seen a lot of action in the past and really keeps the guys calm under fire."

Personnel Information

PAUL REISER

Code Name: Burke



In a scene of a poetic justice (that may be cut from the final film) Burke (Paul Reiser) endures alien agony. Ripley (Sigourney Weaver) confronts him.

"I don't have to be funny in this role," explains comedian/actor Paul Reiser, "because in space, no one can hear you laugh." After comedic appearances in movies liked *Diner* and *Beverly Hills Cop*, Reiser marks his serious acting debut in *ALIENS*.

As Company executive Carter Burke, it is Reiser who persuades Ripley (Sigourney Weaver) to return to the alien planet Acheron as de facto tour guide. "Burke needs Ripley to accomplish his aims since she's the expert on the planet and the aliens. She's the only one who can help him, further his rather unsavory ambitions," Reiser notes.

"Burke, Ripley and the android Bishop are the party's outsiders. The Marines are a close-knit bunch and we are the civilians whom they deem as unnecessary to the mission. They don't respect Burke because he's the corporate representative, and they mistrust Ripley and her motives because they don't believe her account of the *Nostromo*'s demise."

"If I do it right, I may be the one guy the audience relates to."

On the set, Reiser found himself preparing for his role in the place where he felt most isolated: the costume department. "Everybody else was in uniform, while I wore a shirt and vest like I was going on a hunting trip," he recalls. "I would watch the rest of the cast get dressed every morning—putting on their armor, battery packs and lights, and strapping on their weapons—and say to myself, 'I want to do that. Give me something to hold—a wallet, *anything*, just something I can play with.'

"I realized that's what Burke was actually feeling. He would like to be



"In space, no one can hear you laugh," notes Paul Reiser.



"Burke, Ripley and the android Bishop are the party's outsiders," comments Reiser. "The Marines are a close knit bunch and we are the civilians whom they deem unnecessary to the mission." Nonetheless, they all become trapped in the nightmare.



Burke (Reiser) discovers that as one Marine puts it that "facehuggers like him" when the alien life form is discovered in captivity in the med lab. Gorman (William Hope), Bishop (Lance Henriksen) and Hicks (Michael Biehn) gaze in horror at the creatures.





"Burke wants to be a hero," Reiser explains. Still, Ripley and Newt don't trust the Company man.



one of the guys and be part of this operation—he wants to be a hero. But he's doing it the only way he knows how, which is not always the most scrupulous, and not always the most benevolent."

In addition to Burke's selfish nastiness, Reiser suggests the other qualities that his character brings to the *ALIENS* adventure. "He's the most comfortable guy up there, the guy who's laid back," comments Reiser. "Not obviously, not conspicuously, but Burke is somebody who is in control of his life. He's a very successful young executive, so it is obvious he knows what he's doing.

"And it works for me to be a human element, because there's all the guns, the aliens and the technology; there's Ripley, who is a scared but terrifically confident woman; there's Newt, a child, and Bishop, who is almost like a child; and then, there's *me*. If I do it right, I may be the one character the audience can relate to!"

But Reiser is ultimately indebted to the guns, aliens and technology for their beneficial effect on his performance. "Making *ALIENS* has been harder than any other movie I've made because it is so technical," he says. "Everything is very slow and deliberate, and a great deal of the concentration is on the technical aspect as opposed to the acting. On the other hand, things are so real that you don't have to work very hard. You're running, and there are bullets flying, there's smoke and this tremendous horror chasing you—or lurking behind a door—and you're also covered in slime. Besides that, there's not much else to do. It worked to my advantage. The sets are so real and the special effects are so authentic that it's easy to lose yourself in it.

"When I first read the *ALIENS* script, the role didn't intimidate me," admits Paul Reiser. "I've never been in a picture like this, in terms of science fiction, horror, the technology—it's all so different from anything I had ever done, and it has really been exciting."

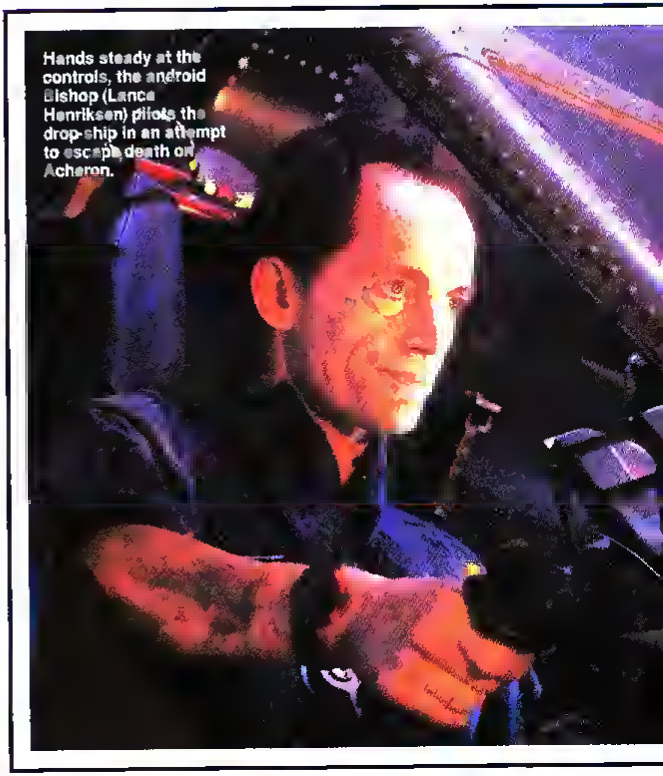
"Making *ALIENS* has been harder than any other movie I've made," Reiser says. The actor did wish he could have suited up in battle armor and carried a gun—or at least a wallet.

Personnel Information

LANCE HENRIKSEN

Code Name: Bishop





Hands steady at the controls, the android Bishop (Lance Henriksen) pilots the drop-ship in an attempt to escape death on Acheron.

"I'm playing a real innocent here, a pure soul," says actor Lance Henriksen of his latest role—that of a humanoid robot. "I'm not talking Pollyanna innocent here. I mean, Bishop has this vision of life that is truly, purely innocent."

In *ALIENS*, Henriksen portrays Bishop, the android executive officer on the mission that returns Ripley, the sole survivor of the original *ALIEN*, to the planet where the killing-machine monster was first found.

Yet Ripley doesn't believe Bishop to be as innocent or harmless as Henriksen says. She still stings from the betrayal of Ash, the traitor android from the first film—and she keeps her distance from Bishop throughout the sequel.

This pure character is something of a career reversal for Henriksen. "In *Dog Day Afternoon* and *Omen II*, I played killers—the hard side of somebody," the actor admits. "But I have an innocent streak in me, and I never get to play that. Never. This is the first time, and I feel great.

"And this is also a role where I was so aware of what I could learn from it and how far I could go with it," Henriksen explains. "It's a big breakthrough because I don't like being typecast. It was going that way for awhile. But now, in the last four movies, I've turned it around."

The actor's involvement with the sequel to *ALIEN* began with his rela-



It's a final encounter between android and alien as the Queen Mother spears the "innocent" Bishop.

tionship with writer/director James Cameron, who made two previous films featuring Henriksen. "We're friends outside of work," Henriksen explains. "Jim showed me the first *ALIENS* treatment in a local Chinese restaurant. It was an absolute knockout. The treatment was ready to shoot, it was that good. Then, we started talking about various characters."

The android Bishop is part of the group—including 11 U.S. Colonial Marines—who accompany Ripley (Sigourney Weaver) on her return to the alien planet, where a new human colony has lost contact with Earth. In contrast to the android Ash (Ian Holm) in *ALIEN*, who Henriksen notes was limited to being "menacing but nothing else," Bishop is a more advanced model, a character with more dimension.

"I found some very specific things that make Bishop innocent and compelling in his charm," the actor admits. "I'm not trying to be charming, but there is something charming about innocence when it's cast into certain situations. When you expect everyone to react in a particular way, sometimes innocence doesn't. That's what's compelling about it.

"Bishop has *no* prejudice about living things. To him, anything that is alive—human or alien—is absolutely miraculous. And he doesn't know why he feels this way.

"I needed to do this role right now. I feel fulfilled that I can be seen as something more human than characters I've played before—even though it's an android. That's outrageous, isn't it?"

The sequel renews old associations. "*ALIENS* is my third film with Jim Cameron. It has been a great relationship," says Henriksen. The collaboration essentially began by coincidence, when Cameron was setting up his first feature, the low-budget *Piranha II: The Spawning*. "Jim had a producer with whom I had already worked in Italy," the actor explains. "I had done a lead in one of his horror films [*The Visitor*], and he was promoting me to Jim, who decided to use me."

In this, the finest flying piranha movie ever made, Henriksen essayed the role of Steve, chief law officer of the Caribbean island that becomes the target of the airborne flesh-eaters. Although the fish weren't real, the dangers of shooting were.

"I broke my hand jumping out of the helicopter," Henriksen remembers. "I did a 40-foot jump into the ocean to save my kids in the film. They had no stuntmen, so I jumped out of this moving helicopter. I finished the movie with a busted right hand. When I finally got back to the States to have it operated on, they had to re-break it."

Henriksen's next encounter with James Cameron also involved robots. "Originally, I was up for the lead in *Terminator*," he reveals. "Jim and I planned it for me to go up to the movie's production company a half hour before he arrived. I went full out, dressed as the Terminator. I put foil on my teeth, waxed my hair back, put cuts on my head, and wore a punker shirt, leather jacket, and boots up to my knees.

"I showed up and kicked the door open. The secretary just about swallowed her typewriter. Then, I went in to see the executive producer. I sat with him and wouldn't talk. He would say things to me, but I just kept looking at him—and he was ready to climb out the window.

"I guess I was a scary looking person to be in a room with."

However, the film's distributor went with Arnold Schwarzenegger instead. Henriksen has no regrets. "I never felt for a second that I had been shortchanged, or anything," he says. "Things come and go in this business. I wanted to see Jim get that movie going almost as much as I wanted to be in it. So, it didn't hurt at all. Then, another *Terminator* role came up, and I said, 'Sure!'"

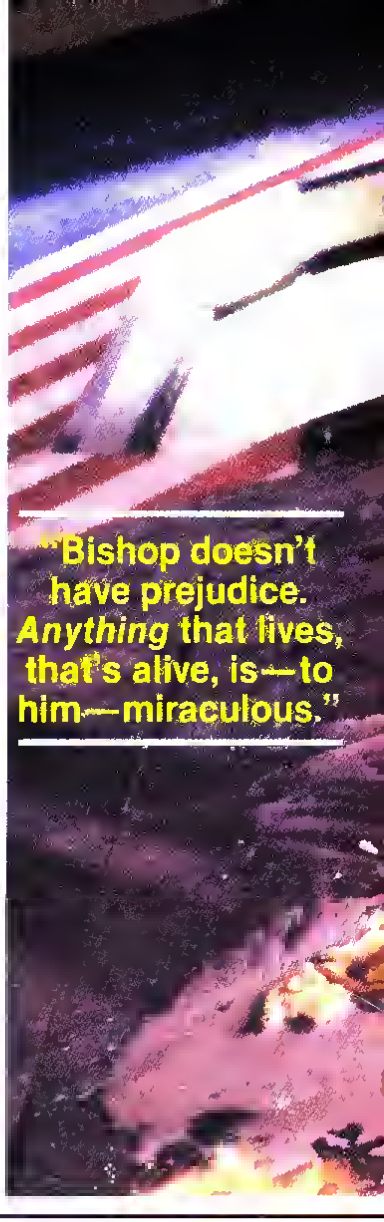
Henriksen has always made the best of an adverse situation. Although born in New York City, by age 13, he had already lived for three years with relatives in Borneo, island-hopped for a year around Fiji and Malaysia, and hitchhiked the width of America.

By the early 1970s, Henriksen wandered his way to Hollywood. Small roles in *Network*, *Prince of the City* and *Close Encounters of the Third Kind* ensued. In *Damien: Omen II*, he played the evil Sergeant Neff, a satanic consort who helps raise the teenage Anti-Christ played by Jonathan Scott-Taylor.

In another side of the religious coin, Henriksen starred as a priest re-examining his faith in "The Benediction," one segment of the episodic horror movie *Nightmares*.



"I need to do this role," Henriksen says, performing Bishop's "knife trick" to his enthusiastic military colleagues.



"Bishop doesn't have prejudice. *Anything* that lives, that's alive, is—to him—miraculous."

Torn apart but still heroic, Bishop manages to help save Newt (Carrie Hann). Not bad for an android!



"It was one of the first times I had been cast outside of the heavy," he admits.

Another role which showed Henriksen to good advantage was his portrayal of real-life astronaut Wally Schirra in *The Right Stuff*. Working on that film inspired him to write a movie of his own.

"After I finished *The Right Stuff*, I went and wrote a movie that was more like what I wanted to see—about flight and about personal adventure. While not about the astronauts, *Rocket Man* is more about the kind of commitment that those guys had." With any luck, Henriksen will also have a part in the proposed film.

"I guess my career is moving now, where I'm really able to show my work. For instance, I recently did *Jagged Edge* in order to meet and work with [director] Richard Marquand, whom I've always respected. It was a very small role, but it did pay for my wedding!

"It seems unusual, but I think the biggest deal with this current job," Henriksen says of *ALIENS*, "is that I'm not going to be cut from this movie. I've done many films in the last 10 years where the editing has just wiped out my parts, since they were not pivotal characters. After all, when something has to go, that's going to be it. But in *ALIENS*, I'm very happy to be making it to the final print!"

Aliens Direction

JAMES CAMERON



Writer/director Jim Cameron rehearses a terrifying scene with young star Carrie Henn (as Newt). "I see *ALIENS* as a dark action piece with a very warm human center," he says.





One of *ALIEN*'s great strengths was that it was so simple," says James Cameron. "I wouldn't say that *ALIENS* is a simple film, it's very complicated—not too complicated to follow, not convoluted in a perverse sense, but there's much more going on, more elements and more environment."

The 32-year-old Cameron, writer/director of *ALIENS*, counts the picture as his first major studio film. His previous credits include co-writer/director on the hit *Terminator*, director of *Piranha II*, and co-writer of *Rambo: First Blood II*.

The most obvious problem Cameron faced in developing a sequel to *ALIEN*, he says, was, "How do you beat a classic? You really have to dig deep into the bag of tricks and come up with some good ideas. And you have to do a proper homage to the original without being a mindless fan, something which is a piece of entertainment and a story in its own right.

"The things that interest me aren't necessarily the things that interested Ridley Scott [director of *ALIEN*]. I probably gravitate more towards heavier plotting, and a little more concentration on characters and dialogue—and much more action—and less on the visual aspects. So, just following my interests and my own personal emphases, was really my only guideline writing it."

Another major concern Cameron faced was a perennial sequel problem. "You can't make the assumption that your audience has seen the first film—especially seven years after the fact," he notes. "They may have heard of *ALIEN*, or they may have even seen it, yet only remember vague imagery as opposed to story details. One has to be very careful that the story functions as an independent entity from the first film. That's always the dilemma in doing a sequel—knowing exactly how far to stretch the umbilicus with the original movie."

A sequel to *ALIEN* without Ripley, sole survivor of the first film's biomechanoid parasite, would have been incomplete. But Sigourney Weaver, agreed to reprise her central role, and Cameron enjoyed working with her. "We both agreed, virtually from the word go, on the basics of the character," he says. "And we really just went from strength to strength."

Among the movie's other actors, Michael Biehn (Hicks), Lance Henriksen (Bishop), and Bill Paxton (Hudson) all worked with Cameron before, on *Terminator*. Jim Cameron points out that his goal in casting is "to find the best actor for the character. There's something good about knowing an actor's strengths or weaknesses, and that an actor can be counted on," he admits. "In a 10-week shooting schedule, you might find out certain things about an actor five or six weeks in, after you've shot certain scenes that knowledge could have applied to—and you'll be frustrated because you weren't able to use it.

"Fear is a very strong reaction. It makes people realize that they're alive. That they're sitting out there in the audience and they're not just zombies."

"When you're working with an actor that you know, that you have a rapport with, you can get those things right from the beginning. There isn't a day on a film that you're not doing something that's important to that movie. You can't just discount the first two or three weeks' work as good rehearsal. It doesn't work that way.

"Rehearsal was something that we did not have on this film, partially because of the pre-production schedule, but primarily because Sigourney had a previous commitment, and she was not available to start work on *ALIENS* until three weeks into our shooting—which was a severe handicap. We did it as we went along, of course—rehearsals are very important."

One of the challenges of *ALIENS* was its budget—$17 million, a low figure for an SF movie full of intricate special effects. Though that



Cameron prepares an alien warrior for an upcoming shot. "I took certain aspects of the aliens' life cycle that interested me and brought it to a whole new area of science fiction," he says.

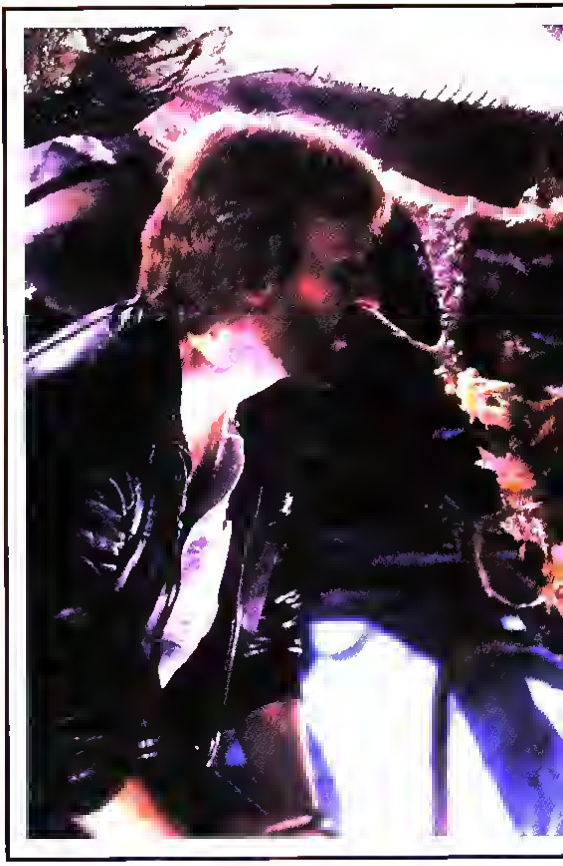


figure represents almost three times the cost of Cameron's last film, he notes, "I found the budget on *ALIENS* to be just as small as the budget on *Terminator*—only because the film is that much more ambitious, and the fact that *Terminator* took place, largely, in existing environments.

"None of *ALIENS* was filmed on location, with the exception of Acton Power Station, which was heavily made over. So, a great deal of money went into the realization of that which didn't exist: costumes, armor, equipment, props, everything. I found the money to be just as stretched, and the ingenuity quotient just as necessary, on *ALIENS* as on my last picture."

Despite the inevitable budget difficulties, the chance to design a future environment spurred Cameron to take the *ALIENS* challenge. "One of the things that attracted me to the project in general is the design potential," he says. "A film like this is absolutely dependent on the creation of an interesting and new, yet still believable, environment—whether it be a future environment, or another planet, or whatever. In *ALIENS*, there are several different

"The entire last half of the film is an absolute pressure cooker."

environments: an everyday space environment essentially an Earth city in orbit; an outpost-type colony on a distant planet where people live much closer to the bone; and a military environment in space, which is yet a third and completely distinct version of what it would be like to function in a hostile environment.

"Many of these sequences have to be presented without dialogue, so they don't slow the story down. There's an undercurrent to all the scenes that comes directly from the nature of the sets: the colors, whether it's a large or small space, a threatening space or a comforting space. When Ripley is rescued, it's sterile and a bit bleak, but not threatening. Some people might see a hospital that way, but a hospital is also a sanctuary—when you see those white walls, it tells you instantly that you are safe and in medical hands. That design is worth 50 pages of dialogue."

Futuristic scenarists Ron Cobb and Syd Mead also contributed to the production. To accommodate the three differing styles, "I assigned more of the military hardware to Syd," Cameron explains, "hoping to


The planet's name "Acheron is a feature in the night circle of hell," Cameron notes. He briefs an Acheron colonist on life and death in the alien cocoon birth-wall.

keep its look in one style, Ron did the colonists, and I filled in the gaps, basically. I also handled the design of the creature elements, strictly from an illustration standpoint—Stan Winston, the creature designer, took over with the sculptural design. That was the division of labor, and I hope the individual styles made those environments look slightly different.

"The designs just evolved because there are many creative people on this end, realizing them. Many of the elements couldn't even be designed because of the short pre-production period—they had to be worked out among the various art directors and production designer Peter Lamont. For example, the Gateway Station sets, which were shot towards the picture's end; none of the preliminary design work covered those sets, so they were part of that evolution—more of the way that film sets are conventionally designed, where the art director presents drawings and the director selects from them."

The movie's cinematic style was also carefully planned by Cameron. "You always search for a style, going in," he says. "One of the things I tried to do was to make the film as subjective as possible. What creates a sense of you-are-there reality is not that extra bit of grit and grime on the walls that tells you the set has been lived in, but how it's shot. You could have a proscenium-type scene where the camera sits back and watches, or you can have the camera move through the scene and become, in effect, one of the characters.

"I've done many shots where I'll follow a character into a room, and then come around to catch the reaction to what they see—but as we come into the room, we are stepping behind that character. I also like to use some handheld photography, where it's appropriate, primarily in the action scenes."

ALIENS shows a heavy reliance on video as well. "There are scenes that were shot on a home video recorder—intentionally," Cameron notes. "The degradation of image quality is important to creating the sense that this is realy happening." Cameron admits that he often took the video camera in hand and stepped into a character's shoes for these scenes. "It instantly became a real event at that point, as opposed to the fabrication of a real event via staccato cutting, or other devices. Not that you could rely on the video transmissions for the entire film, but in those moments when it happens, it becomes quite believable, for that one instant. Let's face it, we're a generation that's grown up watching things happen on the evening TV news."

Cameron credits his development as a filmmaker to several sources, including an early spell at Roger Corman's New World Pictures. "I learned the craft's tecnical aspects in the school of hard knocks," he recalls. "In Corman school, you get a camera, you go do it, then you figure out how to do it.

"Learning cinematic storytelling started back when I was 12 years old and drawing comic books. If you look at a comic book, frame for frame, they're cut like films: close-up, wide shot, etc. Doing comics, you learn how to create a visual narrative.

"At one point, I wanted to be a comic-book artist. I learned to draw by emulating Marvel comic books. I eventually set all that aside as a career, but would probably be very happy drawing comics right now.

"The difference between an artist and other people boils down to the ability to observe the environment, record what you've seen, and transcribe it. It's not some talent in the hand—it's in the visual cortex.

"That applies to watching movies, too," Cameron continues. "You watch how a story is told, you study it. It really just comes from observing technique. We all grow up on movies and the only qualification needed to be a filmmaker is that you know how to watch a movie."

In conclusion, Cameron has his own theory of filmmaking. "Filmmaking starts off with a sort of Bureau of Standards perfect vision of what the movie should be, which exists up here," he says, tapping his head, "or on the page, or collectively in the minds of a small number of people—and then it deteriorates from there.

"What it really is all about is entropy: day by day, you're fighting entropy. The extent to which you can fight entropy will determine how much the film resembles the initial vision, and therefore how good it is—unless the initial vision was bad, in which case you probably wouldn't get up in the morning to go to the studio.

"Endurance is the primary quality for fighting entropy. And faith—faith that something will happen. If you're 16 weeks into an 18 week shooting schedule, into it, and your leading actor breaks a leg, or gets hit by a truck, or the set burns down—what do you do? You can't think about those things. You've got to have faith that when you walk on the set that morning, that most of what you need will be there—because it's hard enough getting in the shots when *everything* is there."

Aliens Production

GALE ANNE HURD



The aliens are knocking on Acheron's door, but Vasquez (Jenette Goldstein), the tough female trooper, helps keep them out.

According to *ALIENS* producer Gale Anne Hurd, the movie's title was chosen quite deliberately. "First of all," she says, "we thought that *ALIEN II* sounded as if there were going to be 35 *ALIEN* movies, and that it's just going to go on and on and on until people are tired of it. That's *not* what this film is about—just as the *Star Wars* trilogy was not *Star Wars 1, 2,* and *3*. On the other hand, we didn't want to call it *Ripley's Adventure: ALIEN II*, the way that *Rambo* was *First Blood II*. We thought that *ALIENS* would signify that this picture goes beyond *ALIEN*, but is *related* to it. I think it says it all."

Hurd received her first solo producing credit on 1984's *Terminator* (co-written and directed by *ALIENS* director James Cameron). Just 30 years old, she is a graduate of Stanford University and of Roger Corman's New World studio school of low-budget filmmaking. "I was absolute evidence, I think, of Roger Corman's amazing ability to start off people's careers," she comments. "I was hired as his assistant directly out of college, and I think that was the biggest break anyone could ever expect. The one wonderful thing about Roger, which you only appreciate in retrospect, is that he believes that anyone who is intelligent, dedicated, ambitious, and willing to work *absolutely ridiculous hours*, can succeed. He

"*ALIENS* is really more of a combat film than a film about an evil lurking in the shadows."



Writer/director Jim Cameron and producer Gale Anne Hurd (seen also below) discuss the filming of the blockbuster adventure, *ALIENS*.





"*ALIENS* is very much a combat film in terms of action, relationships and an unseen enemy," Hurd says. Sometimes, the action erupts between the Colonial Marines who face a much tougher opponent than they ever expected.



instills that belief in you from the beginning.

"Roger doesn't teach people to be meek, he teaches them to take risks—that's his greatest contribution. I went overnight from being his assistant, basically reading scripts and casting, to being the director of advertising and publicity for New World Pictures—and I had to put out campaigns for five pictures in two months. I knew *nothing* about it. It is really trial by fire."

Hurd eventually moved from publicity to producing at New World, working as assistant production manager on *Battle Beyond the Stars*. Not long after that hit, she took a co-producer credit with Corman on 1981's *Smokey Bites the Dust*. The decision to become a producer was reached rather spontaneously. "When Roger first interviewed me," she recalls, "he asked me at the interview's end what turned out to be the key question—'Ultimately, what do you want to do in this business?' Oddly enough, I hadn't even thought about it. I was so over-awed to even have an *interview* for a film industry job, I would have done *anything*. If he wanted me to go around the office and pick up trash for two years, I would have picked up trash—I figured I would learn something as I went. I never thought I would be asked what I would like to do.

"I immediately thought, 'OK, what is Roger most successful at? He has been an actor, a writer, a director, and now a producer. I guess that's where he feels the most rewards are.' So, I said I wanted to produce. As it turned out, when I learned more about the different areas, I think it's certainly the one to which I'm best suited."

In producing *ALIENS*, Hurd notes that there was no attempt to achieve a continuity of personnel

between the new movie and its predecessor. "We didn't want to put ourselves in the position of trying to reassemble the Ridley Scott [director of *ALIEN*] crew because then you're in a position where someone might say, 'Well, *Ridley* would have done it this way.' You can't put yourself in a straightjacket.

"So, we went out to find people who could bring *Jim*'s vision to the screen. Actually, there are a few people who worked on *ALIEN*, who have moved up since then. In the seven years since the film came out, some of those people have really come into their own. Adrian Biddle, focus puller on *ALIEN*, is our cinematographer. And Crispian Sallis, who was an art department trainee back then, is the set decorator for *ALIENS*.

"In the other areas, we have assembled a team of people who we felt would bring a great design sense to the picture—and also a very budget-conscious sense." Those team members include production designer Peter Lamont, special effects supervisor John Richardson, production supervisor Hugh Harlow, editor Ray Lovejoy, creature effects supervisor Stan Winston, visual FX supervisors Bob & Dennis Skotak, and post-production visual FX supervisor Brian Johnson, who was the original FX supervisor on *ALIEN*.

What type of movie is *ALIENS*? Hurd defines it as "a rollercoaster ride—there'll be spills and chills and scares, and at the film's end, everyone will be out of breath. They'll feel as if they definitely got their money's worth—*and* that they haven't been pandered to. There's also a little bit more depth, perhaps, than you would expect in a film of this nature. It examines many different things—it's *not* just action, adventure and futuristic thrills."

"*ALIENS* is a rollercoaster ride with spills, chills and scares."



In e climectic confrontetion, Ripley squeres off egeinst the Queen Mother. The duel pits humen ingenul ty against elien sevegery.



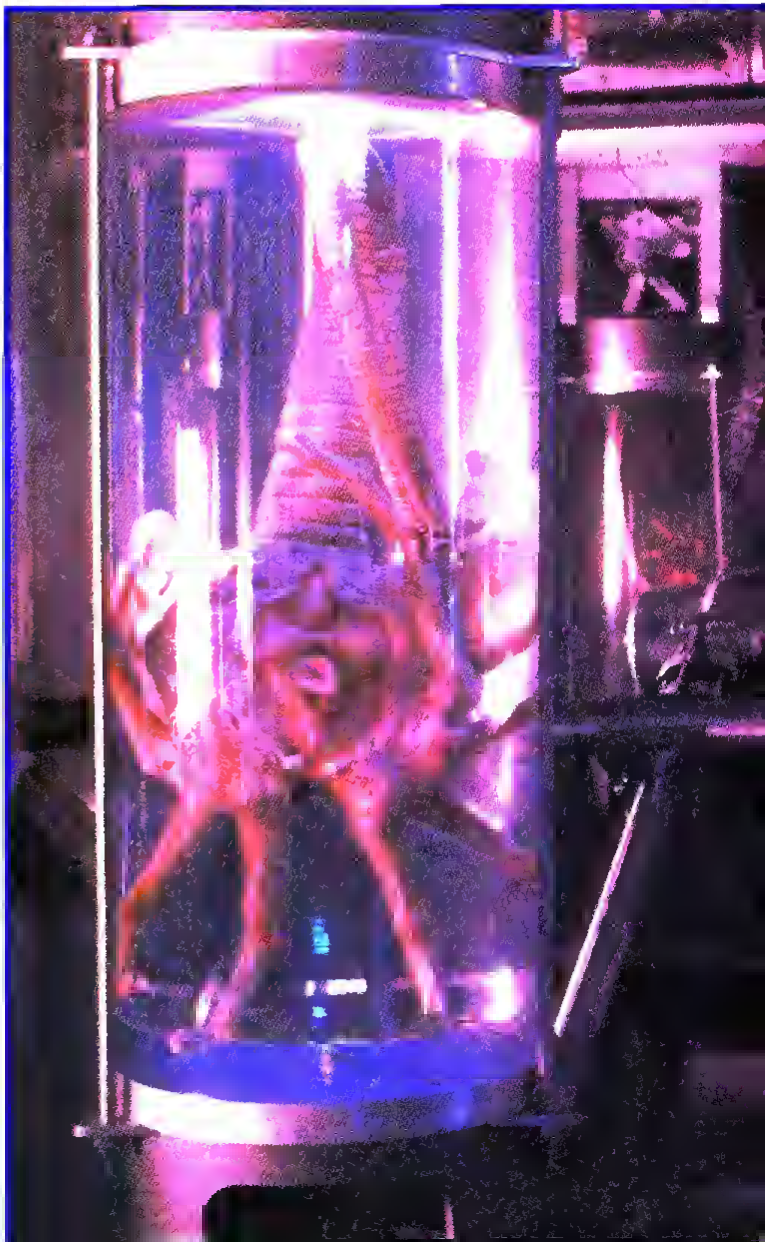
"What we did was to find people who could bring Jim Cameron's vision to the screen."

The search for the aliens continues throughout the Atmosphere Processing Station. Hurd describes the entire nightmarish adventure as "a rollercoaster ride."

Aliens Biology

STAN WINSTON





For creature effects designer Stan Winston, putting *ALIENS* on screen was a multiple challenge. Besides his respect for the movie's 1979 "prequel," *ALIEN*, there was the sheer amount of work involved in showing a number of aliens at different stages of their life-cycle— a quantum leap beyond *ALIEN*'s single evolving biomechanoid creature.

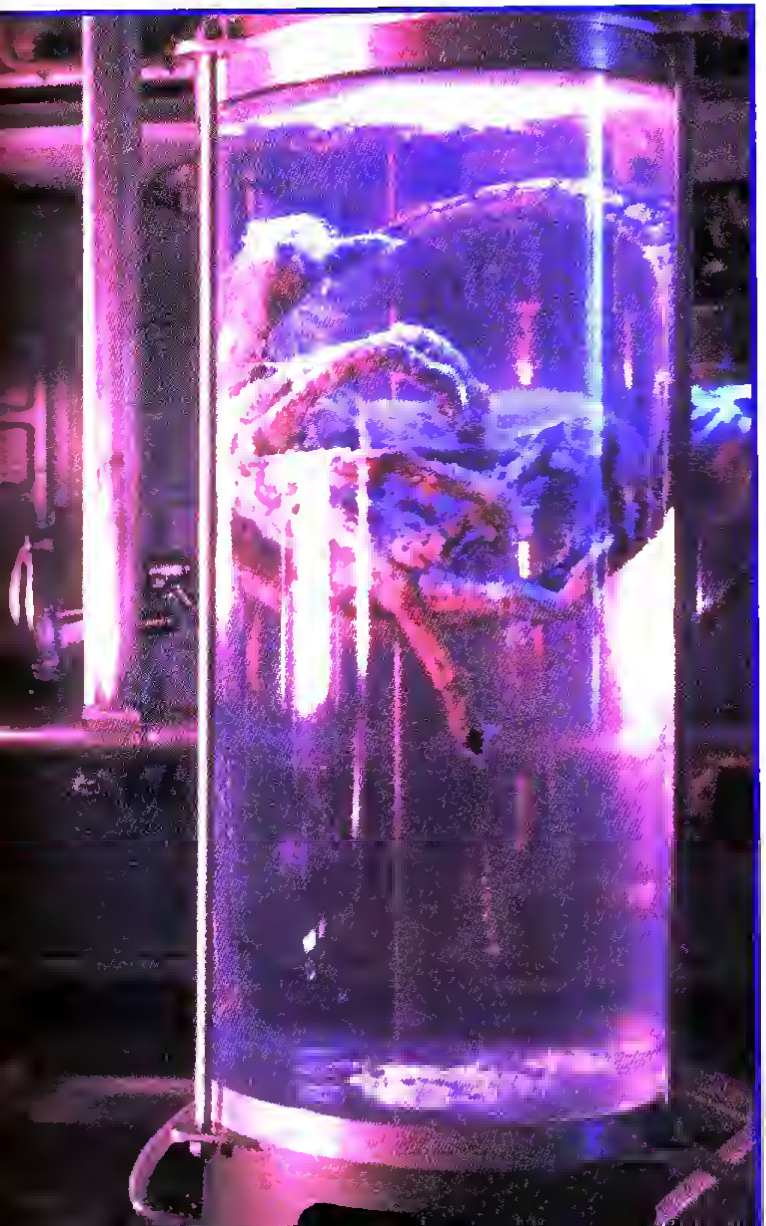
"It's the largest effects film I've ever been involved with," Winston notes. "I can't think of any one, historically, that has its scope, with a completely articulated, moving, screaming, killing 14 foot monster and dozens of little screaming, killing monsters—*and* numerous humans that are killed by these hordes of screaming creatures."

Winston had previously worked with *ALIENS* director James Cameron and producer Gale Anne Hurd when he made the robot version of *The Terminator*. "Naturally, I became involved with *ALIENS* because of my relationship with

Jim and Gale from *Terminator*, and was aware of *ALIENS* from its outset when Jim was actually doing his first screenplay draft," he explains. "I remember talking to Jim, and him saying, 'What do you think, Stan, should I do a sequel to *ALIEN*?' And I said, 'Absolutely, Jim—I need the job.' "

Once in production, a major part of Winston's job on *ALIENS* was the construction of the new alien

"We've created approximately 15 spandex suits, plus almost 10 articulated puppets, that stand almost eight feet tall."



character, the queen. "She's Jim Cameron's concept, she's Jim Cameron's idea, she's Jim Cameron's design," Winston says. "Hopefully, I've helped with a thought here and there, and by bringing it to life with a good FX crew.

"It was originally Jim's concept to put two men inside the body, to accomplish the four-limbed look, extend the body from a crane arm, to hold it up, and puppet the legs externally. And, after all the hard discussions and preliminary talks, and different design concepts and different ways of making it happen, we came back to his original idea, which was two men in a suit—two of their arms producing the small arms, the other two arms producing the long arms. The large arms are created by one arm extended, holding onto something like a ski pole, the short arms are similar, operated by the other arm.

"There are two operators, lying basically almost back-to-back, inside the queen, whose head is hydraulically and cable-controlled. The major part of the head movement itself, and neck movement, is hydraulics. The face and lip and jaw movement is cabled—because not only does her head move, but the face area of her head, which is further to the front, has its own independent jaw and lip movement. She also has a larger version of the extending tongue.

"Her legs are puppeted externally; the tail is partially mechanical, at the base, which is controlled hydraulically and also by wires. Then, there's another tail, an insert

"Audiences want to see on film what they can't see in real life—and what they don't want to see in real life."

Inside the liquid-filled stasis tubes are two facehuggers, one living, one dead. The "living" creature utilized special mechanics so it could try to "attack" Burke through the glass.

tail which is completely mechanical. We also have insert arms, for close-up work, which are completely cable-operated, to do all the finger manipulations that are necessary."

"The Queen's tail was attached to the back of Lance Henriksen's body, and then a rigid duplicate of the tail was attached to his front—the way the old arrow-through-the-head trick works."

One queen body was used predominantly throughout filming, though an additional body for rear angles, with a different closing mechanism for the operators inside, was also used.

The process of creating the queen was closely supervised by director Cameron in pre-production. "The steps we took," Winston says, "were, first Jim started out with his concepts; then I did some sketches; then Jim did his final sketch from there, then we sat down, the two of us. Jim doing the basis of the sketching and actually drawing the queen in profile and front view, in miniature—quarter scale of what she would be."

The queen was built in just two scales: full size, and also at quarter scale for miniature photography. "The quarter-scale one that Doug Beswick made is cable-controlled and has complete movement also," Winston notes. "And then there's a rod-actuated puppet for other miniature work."

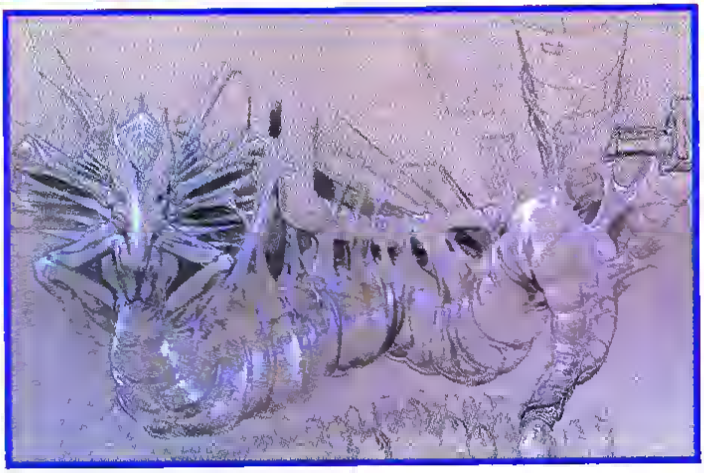
A major shock effect involving the queen is the mutilation of the android Bishop, portrayed by Lance Henriksen. "That was accomplish-





Since moviegoers worldwide were already familiar with H.R. Giger's original alien design, creature designer Stan Winston had to re use it, though he made some improvements





The Queen Alien is, Winston says, "Jim Cameron's concept, idea and design." Cameron worked closely with Winston and the FX crew to realize his most fearful nightmares

ed by a flexible tip of a tail coming up through a tube—it was literally pulled out of his body," Winston explains. "The front of Lance's body was built out slightly, with a false front, to allow the flexible tail to appear to be coming straight out of his chest, although in fact it made a curve.

"The queen's tail was attached to the back of his body, and then a rigid duplicate of the tail was attached to his front—the way the old arrow-through-the-head trick works. The harness for that particular shot was built by John Richardson's FX team—they handled all the movie's floor effects. Lance was standing on a teeter which John Richardson also built, which made it look like the tail was lifting him up in the air.

"We also built a complete duplicate dummy of Lance, which John Richardson rigged to break apart at the center. The hands of the queen were attached to that dummy. Then, off-camera, two wires were also attached. When they were pulled, it looked like the queen literally pulled the body in half.

With the exception of the queen, the other creatures are based on the original film," Winston says, adding, "I had access to just about everything except the original chestburster. But there have been a number of photographs and books on the alien, so anything we didn't have actual access to, we had pictures of. We tried to be as true to the original film as we could, without disallowing ourselves a little bit of artistic freedom to do things that we considered—if not improvements—something to keep your head above water so you're not just doing what was done before."

The alien warriors were the only instance where Winston "wished" the design could have been changed for the sequel. "The weakness—if there was a weakness—to the first film, was that there was this wonderful monster, the alien, that we saw, and didn't see, throughout the entire movie—and then, at the end, when we did see it, when it's finally blown out of the hatch, what we saw was a man in a suit, which for me, personally, was a letdown.

"So, what Jim is planning to do is to use the footage where the aliens are least recognizable as simply men in suits, so that they can be dynamically presented on screen. And when you are aware of them being men in suits, they should be moving in a way that a man in a suit *couldn't* move. So, we've used various tricks: wire harnesses, so that they could jump from wall to wall, undercranking the camera so





The film's final confrontation between Queen Alien and Ripley features shots of the angry behemoth in full-scale, quarter-scale, and miniature puppet versions.

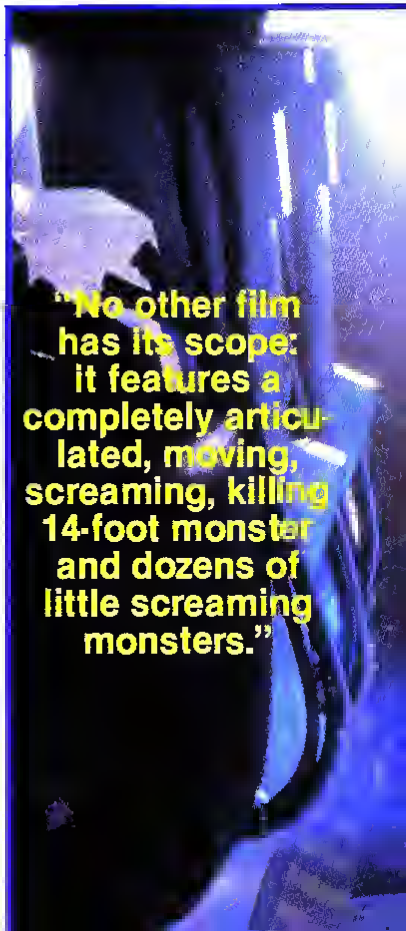
that they would move a little bit quicker, and more insect-like, various tricks that will help us make them more interesting to watch.

"We've created approximately 15 spandex suits, plus, we've created almost 10 articulated puppets that are larger than the suits. They stand almost eight feet tall—the same size as, yet even thinner than, the original alien.

"We can put the puppets into different positions that a human can't get into, to help us get across the effect of the alien. They're manipulated externally, either by strings, or rods, or there are certain radio controls, for the head-jaw movement, that type of thing.

"We also have an insert puppet, we have insert arms, we've redesigned the hands so that they are longer than the original, the fingers are a little bit longer—again, we took certain licenses to get away from the human look of a hand in a glove, and then we've developed articulated mechanical hands, for close-ups, which do things that a person's hand in a glove couldn't do.

"We also have a completely ar-



"No other film has its scope: it features a completely articulated, moving, screaming, killing 14-foot monster and dozens of little screaming monsters."

Adhering to the original film's look, Winston and colleagues re-created the chestburster alien stage from photos and other materials.

ticulated puppet from the waist up, with articulated hands, articulated head, a little mechanical tongue that comes in and out and does its number, lips curling back—everything but the kitchen sink as far as what it will do.'

Ripley and Newt's Med-lab confrontation with another phase of the alien's life cycle, the facehugger, provides another example of the laborious complexity involved in creating otherworldly life forms. "We have—including states of decay and dead ones, dissected ones and living ones that do different things—approximately 15 facehuggers, to make it look like *one* lives," Winston explains.

"The facehugger which scurries across the floor is basically a sophisticated pull-toy, with a rather sophisticated gearing set-up inside, that allows it to be pulled and move in *any* direction across the floor. There are no wheels underneath it, per se. It literally glides through the air on a very fine wire, and the faster the facehugger is pulled, the faster the legs move.

"Then, we have one that is based on a similar type of leg-geared, mechanical drive which is also a scurrying facehugger, but which is cable operated from a flex shaft of an external motor.

"Then, there's another facehugger, which has completely articulated fingers, and an articulated tail, which whips from all sides, and curls up. Each finger is double-



Using "various tricks that will help us make them more interesting to watch," Winston and crew ensured that the men in-suit aliens move the way men can't move



jointed, which is a method that I devised for articulating hands with a character that I've been developing for my own project for about four years, and have used for the facehugger's fingers. It allows the fingers not just to curl up, but also to reach out and grab, and become much more organic looking.

"The aliens must move in a way that a man in a suit can't move, so we've used various tricks."

"The complications and the problems involved in something that intricate is that the number of operators becomes quite exorbitant. That particular facehugger, which crawls up over the back of a desk to get little Carrie and reaches down under the bed trying to grab her, requires eight operators.

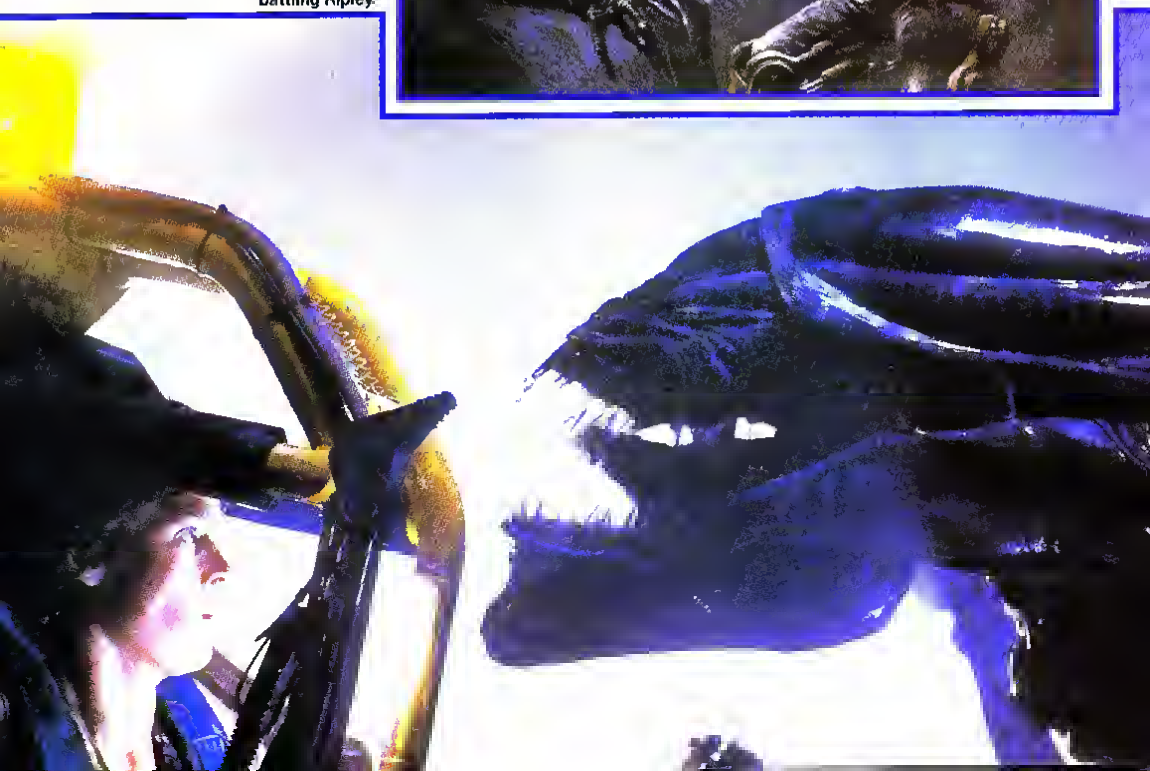
"Then, there's another version of that facehugger, with all of the operations of the one I just described, *plus* a tubular extension that comes out of the facehugger's body, which is supposed to implant the eggs into the human being. That's for the shot where Ripley is trying to fight it off, and its tongue is trying to get to her.

"Also, there was another facehugger with a tubular extension that had to be made for inside the stasis tubes, that could work underwater, that would leap against the wall of the stasis tube, which was completely liquid-filled, and had to have all of the mechanics literally come through the back of the stasis tube in watertight seals.

"There was also a series of ar-



The Alien Queen's head is hydraulically and cable controlled, allowing for some close (and toothy) encounters with the battling Ripley.



ticulated facehuggers that act, basically, as dummies to be thrown: the legs are articulated, but they're tree-moving. So, they're the types of facehuggers that can be pulled or thrown through the air, and have a free movement to their legs, so they actually fly through the air.

"We've also developed facehuggers for leaping off the walls—they're holding onto the wall, then they spring off at you—which have articulated legs that are also magnetized, to hold on to whatever they're gripping until they're pulled free, and then they spring into a position that looks as though they're leaping at you.

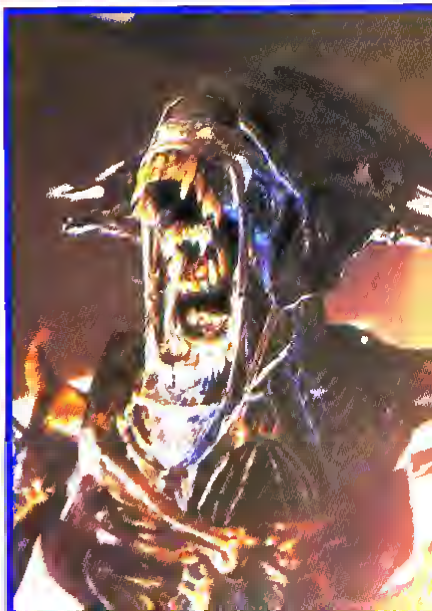
"There's another facehugger that literally scurries around, after it's attached itself to the wall, scurries itself into a position, its tail curls up under it, and it springs itself at you.

"Used within a scene that cuts back and forth in a few seconds," Winston concludes, "all of these facehuggers end up looking like one *very* active little facehugger."



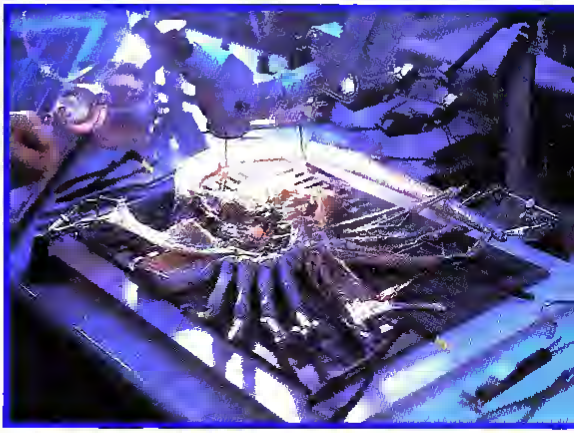
Regal and imposing, the Queen Alien sits in her birth chamber (right), but she can become, Winston says, "a completely articulated, killing 14-foot monster" (below right). The chestburster, which incubates inside the cocoonized colonists, is also "completely articulate, completely animated," Winston reveals. "We're not just giving people another chestburster, we're giving them one that's alive."







"Every shot in *ALIENS* seemed to be an enormous set-up because so many shots involved FX or stunts," Winston observes.



The filmmakers employed about 15 facehuggers—including a dissected version—"to make it look like *one* lives," Winston says.

The most parasitical stage of the alien's development is a recurring nightmare for Ripley. "The chestburster that we've developed is based on the original chestburster," Winston says. "It's very close, with the changes being so subtle that they're basically unrecognizable. We've added little arms that work.

"The basic difference is the amount of articulation, the amount of life that's in the creature itself. It's completely articulate, completely animated. We're not just giving people another chestburster, we're giving them one that's *alive*."

Describing *ALIENS* as, "without a doubt, the most difficult film I've ever been involved with—and hopefully, the most difficult film I'll ever *be* involved with," Winston adds, "Fortunately, I believe it shows on film. I'm very proud of the work we did and I hope the audiences are as excited with it as I'm proud of it."

The film's difficulty factor was enhanced for Winston by the fact that not only was he responsible for supervising the substantial creature effects, but "I was also directing the second unit," he explains, "which was a very demanding and trying experience, because of the amount that we were trying to shoot, and the time that we had to shoot it. Every shot seemed to be an enormous set-up because so many shots involved FX or stunts.

"It was very rewarding and I'm very happy with the experience, but it's a drain to be directing *and* in charge of such an enormous FX unit."

The intensity of Winston's involvement in *ALIENS* is proof of the strength of his two-film working relationship with director Cameron. "There's a great deal of mutual respect between Jim and myself," the creature designer says. "In many ways, we think alike. He knows my mind; he knows that although I am an artist and do my own designing and sculptures, and draw my own pictures—and the guys who work with me do also—that there is no ego problem, in that Jim is a director who is also a designer, and wants his image on the screen. It's just as exciting to





"The old arrow-through-the-head trick" was reworked in science fiction terms so that it would appear that Bishop had been speared by the Alien Queen, "Jim Cameron's concept, idea and design."

take *his* ideas and develop them for him, and get as much satisfaction out of that

"I'm also fortunate enough to have surrounded myself with the finest artists and technicians in the world, headed by my key crew, which is Shane Mahan, John Rosengrant, Tom Woodruff, Richard Landon, Alec Gillis and Rick Lazzarini from the States. Then, I've added to it with wonderful artists and technicians from England: Ray Lovell, Steve Norrington, Graham High, Ian Rolph I could go on and on. I have an enormous crew, all of their names will be seen on the film's credits. They're terrific, they've been wonderful, and so, from that aspect, I've been very lucky."

"The facehugger that scurries across the floor is a rather sophisticated pulltoy—the faster it's pulled, the faster the legs move."





Silence. In hypersteep, the humans dream on the long journey home. Ripley has triumphed. The nightmares are at an end.

REPORT

(continued from page 25)

a tremendous explosion rips through the complex. The drop-ship slams against the structure, entangling itself in twisted metal. Ripley climbs into the ship and shouts at Bishop.

"Punch it!"

The drop-ship surges with power and tears free as the entire lower level of the station disappears in a voracious fireball. The ship bursts up through the stratosphere into the blackness of space as nuclear blasts erupt under the clouds. A white dome of searing light rips apart the clouds and chases the ship into orbit.

"It's OK," Ripley says, hugging Newt to her. "We made it."

Newt looks directly at Ripley and says "I *knew* you would come."

They dock with the *Sulaco* cargo bay and Ripley, Newt and Bishop emerge in search of a stretcher for Hicks.

"I'm sorry if I gave you a scare," Bishop says, "but the platform was becoming too unstable."

Ripley turns to him, stopping part way down the drop-ship ramp, and puts her hand on his shoulder. "You did OK, Bishop."

They both notice a drop of something splash onto the ramp beside Bishop's shoe. It hisses. And eats through the metal. Ripley looks up just as something bursts from Bishop's chest, spraying her with milk-like android blood.

It is the Alien Queen's razor sharp tail, driven through Bishop from behind. Bishop thrashes, seizing the protruding section of the tail in his hands as he is slowly lifted off the deck. Above him, atop the drop-ship, the Alien Queen glowers, grabs him in two of her massive arms, and rips him apart like a rag doll.

Ripley doesn't take her eyes off the Queen. "Go!" she yells to Newt, who scrambles away. Ripley dives into a room and doors slam closed, just as the creature grabs for her. The Queen goes for Newt, who is scurrying like a rabbit through a narrow, grill-covered duct in the floor. The Queen is about to grab Newt when the door Ripley disappeared behind slides open.

The Alien Queen turns and faces two tons of hardened steel. Ripley's in the Powerloader and she's as angry as the Alien Queen is. And now, just as big.

"Get away from her," Ripley yells, "you bitch."

The Queen screeches absolute rage and leaps at Ripley, who wallops the alien in the head with a hydraulic arm. The behemoth slams into the wall and rebounds into a massive backhand from the hydraulic arm which sends her stumbling backward into heavy loading equipment.

"Come on!" Ripley screams.

The alien lashes out with unbelievable fury. Ripley blocking the blows with radical swipes of her steel forks. They battle, demolishing everything in their path. They lock in a deadly embrace. Ripley closes the forks, crushing two of the Alien Queen's limbs. She lifts the creature off the ground. The alien's hind legs rip at Ripley, slamming against the safety cage, denting it in. Her fanged tongue tears between the crash bars and rips into the seat beside Ripley.

The cutting torch flames on, directly in the alien's face. The alien rolls, taking Ripley with her over the lip of a rectangular pit—a vertical loading airlock.

Intertwined, they crash 50 feet to the bottom of the airlock. Then, Ripley claws her way out of the wrecked Powerloader and fumbles with the airlock actuating buttons. She hits OUTER DOOR OPEN and there is a hurricane shriek of air as the doors on which they are lying separate, revealing the infinite pit of stars below.

The airlock becomes a windtunnel, blasting and buffeting her as she struggles her way up the service ladder. Newt screams as the hurricane airstream sucks her across the floor toward the airlock. Bishop, or what's left of him, grabs her arm and hangs on as she is pulled toward the open airlock.

The Alien Queen grabs Ripley's ankle. Ripley locks her arms around a ladder rung and holds on for her life. The door opens farther, all of space yawning below. The Powerloader tumbles clear, falling away. It drags the alien, still clutching one of Ripley's lucky hi-tops, into the depths of space.

With all her strength, Ripley fights the blasting air, crawling over the lip of the inner doorway. She fumbles with a control panel. The inner doors close. The turbulent air eddies and settles.

She lies on her back, drained of all her strength. The ragged, white-blood-encrusted pieces of Bishop still clutch Newt. The android gives Ripley a grim smile.

"Not bad for a human," he says, winking.

Ripley takes Newt in her arms and hugs her desperately. They have survived. Hicks, Bishop, Newt and Ripley enter hypersleep for the long journey home. Ripley closes her eyes. It's time to sleep again.

This time, there will be no nightmares.

